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ART. I.—CHARACTER AND HISTORICAL POSITION OF
THEODORE PARKER.

Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston. By JOHN WEISS. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

THEODORE PARKER was an American of Americans. No man in the nation was more penetrated with the idea of the national life; none was either more intrepid and assiduous or more efficient in its propagation. It seems, therefore, somewhat less than fitting that his *Life* should come before the American people only as a re-impression, slightly mutilated, from foreign plates; above all, when the peculiar circumstances of the republic are taken into account. We could have wished, also, that these goodly volumes might issue from the city that will be associated with his name so long as either endures,—the city which gave him so much of both love and hate, and to which he gave so much both of love and of reproof,—the city that first afforded him a hearing and a publisher,—the city that, with all its faults, has done more to nourish ideas than all the other cities of America together,—from conservative, radical, earnest, indispensable Boston.

But we are thankful for the book, come whence it may, and are not ungrateful to the love and labor which have given it to the world.

It is a book of much positive merit and of marked imperfection. It is evidently the work of a man whose abilities are

brilliant, whose heart was in his labor, who has courage to speak his mind, and whose fitness for this particular task is in some respects peculiar: and one would give evidence of prejudice not to bestow upon it and on the writer some cordiality of admiration.

But Mr. Weiss's nature differs radically from that of Mr. Parker; and though his capability of dramatic sympathy is quite unusual, it cannot perfectly bridge, or rather no more than bridge, the dissociating space between them. Parker kept the broad, beaten highway of humanity, always and inevitably; Mr. Weiss is fond of separate and select ways. Parker was plain, direct, sometimes bold and blunt; Mr. Weiss is nice, curious, fanciful. Parker, with all his immense learning, was solely intent on moral and practical results. In him the tastes of the scholar were to the interests of the man as one to a thousand; he lived and loved more than he learned, and the eye of his hope and endeavor was ever on the *life* of mankind: so that his place is less among men of letters than among the great workers,—the men who aim at effects in history, and who hardly know how to value their own lives save with reference to these effects. Mr. Weiss is an intellectualist; the tastes of the scholar and man of thought are in him predominating forces.

This difference appears in the styles of the two men. Parker's style may be compared to a soldier on a campaign, making forced marches to meet the enemy: the beads of sweat are on his brow, the dust is on his garments, attitude is not considered; he is intent only on keeping his place, getting over the ground, and reaching the goal in season; manner is nothing, result everything. Mr. Weiss's style may be compared to a soldier on dress parade, who is there legitimately, is not incited by vanity, but with whom manner is itself the chief result. His style has point and brilliancy, but lacks the capital merit of simplicity. Its point is not simple and effective, like that of a sword, but multiple, like the facets of a diamond on which the lapidary has labored. Hence the spirit of the two men is unlike to the last degree; and only Mr. Weiss's social geniality, and his remarkable power of placing himself in mental positions foreign to his own, enable him to enter as he does into the character of his subject.

Again, Parker had a genius for letter-writing ; his broad and warm nature bred confidence ; his salient action made him conspicuous ; and his correspondence is, accordingly, full and rich, to the point of wonder. But it followed, of course, from this, that much was intrusted to him which should not be intrusted to the public. His own heart, moreover, was very near his lips, so that all its moods and heats were reflected in his speech. And as moral irascibility was one of the marked features of his character, his heart-beats were sudden and great. Hence his biographer finds great wealth of material, but also great demand for discretion in its use. This demand we think he does not fully meet. A little more of kindly and judicious reserve might have been brought to Mr. Parker's letters, and the privacy of his correspondents might have been more respected. Yet the principle upon which Mr. Weiss acted, that of a brave frankness, is one which healthy feeling and sound literary taste must alike approve.

The method and arrangement of the book we cannot praise. The abandonment of chronological order, and the attempt to distribute the correspondence under topics, would be of doubtful advantage in any case, but seems strictly inadmissible in the present case. It might be judicious when the writer was personally of small consequence, and where his circumstances gave to his letters an importance which belonged not to himself ; but we cannot think it judicious where the subject of the biography is personally worthy of a biography. We wish to know Theodore Parker ; we would gladly trace his spiritual progress from year to year ; but in the present work one obtains a total picture of the man at any given time only with extreme difficulty, only by collating passages from the full extent of two volumes. However, the author had a right to adopt the plan which seemed to him best, and criticism of it is, after all, matter of opinion only. But when chronological order is *needlessly* sacrificed the case is different, and we are obliged to confess our inability to see why the letters from the West Indies, for example, (one case out of many,) should not have followed the order of time. In truth, and to make a clean breast of it, we find the work in this respect not only unsatisfactory, but a little exasperating, and must needs won-

der that a man of Mr. Weiss's quality should have suffered it to assume sometimes a shape so nearly chaotic.

There are those who find the tone of the author nettling, irritating. Mr. Weiss, doubtless, will feel this complaint to be wholly groundless; but it is not so. He habitually argues sarcastically, and his sarcasm is rather stinging than crushing. It is not made grave and warm, like Parker's, by being saturated with moral passion, but is a kind of cool and gay torturing of his opponents. He presents their position as *contemptible*, and that is what men are least disposed to endure, and least bettered by enduring.

These faults would have spoiled the work of most men; they leave Mr. Weiss's work still attractive, in some respects admirable. His mind, to say the least, borders upon genius; and his intellect is so bright and vivid, his interest in his task so generous, his understanding of Parker's *theoretical* position so clear, and his dash and daring make him so brilliant at a charge, that his pages enchain even those whom they displease. Between his own character and that of his subject there is antipodal space; but he has a large infusion of the proper biographical genius, — the ability to assume and realize the mental position of another, — and thus the distance is well bridged, though beneath the bridge roll deep and sundering seas. In fine, his book is one which electrifies, delights, instructs, and vexes his readers.

"Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much!"

I.

Theodore Parker was not a nice "model man," but a broad, deep, rugged, bounteous nature, full of heart and religion, full of duty, belief, and spiritual daring. He was also a cardinal character in his time, and was placed in that very position, perhaps, where the largest door into the future might open upon him. In understanding ample and active, without pure speculative genius; in moral insight and intrepidity a man of the prophetic order; in duty exceeding; in love a great sea; and in religious sentiment an original testimony of Nature, — he is not fully explained even by this enumeration of his qual-

ities. The further fact about him is, that he was one of the few *inevitable* men. This fact gives to every other trait a new significance, vastly augmenting its import. He was not this or that, according to the wind and weather of his age, but a predetermined nature, the great breath of whose spirit must sooner or later blow down the rudest gale of his time. He is a Nature: he makes his own weather, and shines or thunders by a native law. The tide of his spiritual destiny, like that of the sea, obeys an influence which is beyond both the clearness and the cloud of earthly atmospheres; and though his ebb and flood might be affected, they could neither be induced nor forbidden by aught that the atmosphere of the day should breed.

Accordingly, he is designed to subserve the larger economies in history; not nice, but nobly efficient. Some men are mounds artificially made, merely superimposed upon the surface, pleasant to see, but only pleasant to see. Others are fertile fields, also pleasant to the eye, and moreover opulent of ordinary uses, rich in corn and wine. Another is a mountain range, with Rhines, Amazons, Missouris running down his rocky slopes, and going to water continents; with roots, too, that reach down and clutch the heart of the planet, communicating with her central fires. Theodore Parker was one of those mountain spirits, made to stand high and intercept the clouds, bringing down rain for the people. He did not originate the rain; that was the work of subtler and more diffusive minds, that answer to sunshine and the laws of evaporation, — minds that give to the skies of history their blue, and to dawn and sunset their amber, their scarlet, and gold. He was simply a great condenser of sky-truths; he was an originator only in the fields of use; but he was appointed to the uses, not of a day or year, but of the centuries.

There are those who refuse enough to extend their survey to take in the greater economies of the world. They have no more comprehensive brain than that which resides in their fingers' ends, and determines smoothness. To such men (and they are many) moral smoothness and Christian character are one and the same. To these Nature is an enigma, and one that they never guess. They are astonished that the earth, being made by a "good" God, should have icy poles and burning

tropics, — for they never go beyond the fact that ice is cold and that heat is hot. This so absorbs them that they have no eye for the greater, but remoter fact, that on this polar cold and tropic heat depend the rising and condensing of vapors and the circulation of winds, without which the air were not sweet nor the earth green. But only by that extension of view which such men decline is it possible to understand Parker; for he is a noble human energy rather than an ornamental figure, — rather an engine to drive wheels of saving duty in history than a statuette to place upon a bracket.

The world, with its dress-coat prescription of fashions to the soul, is always respectably intolerant of natures shaped by another hand than that of the time. But men who are epochal forces in faith and morals meet an unusual share of this supercilious reception. We should all know this well enough. What origin has Protestantism, to go no further back? Every child in New England knows that it dates from a man whom the great majority of the "religious world" prayed against in his time with all fervency and persistence of supplication. How many millions of honest prayers went up daily for thirty years, that God would "put a hook" in Luther's jaws! Alas! historical examples liberate no man from the dominion of custom and his own conceit; for the ability to apply, the ability really to *see* them, is consequent upon a liberation already attained.

But there are kinds of spiritual power and productiveness to which Christendom is worse than indifferent or unfriendly: it positively excludes them, either by a dogma of its faith or by an assumption of its scepticism. Against mind and soul of the prophetic or revealing order, our time has issued a prohibition under penalty. In this prohibition two opposite classes concur, — traditional believers and bigoted modernists, Calvin and Comte, Vinet and Voltaire. The materialistic *savans* esteem all utterance out of the deeps of supernatural law as delusion, pardonable in the world's children, not pardonable in its adult minds. The ecclesiastical party, professing orthodoxy, has closed, bolted, barred, and set a seal on the gates of inspiration; and, were an angel from heaven to fly over them, it must greet him only with anathemas.

This, as we read, is a state of things which actually never

existed in this world until after the advent of European Protestantism. Everywhere else it has been admitted that the Absolute Intelligence has, or may have, a vital representation on earth. The admission might, indeed, be practically limited nearly to the point of nullity; the criteria connected with it might be absurd; but the gates of inspiration were theoretically left open, though a blind and doting porter had them in charge.

It was left for European Protestantism to say to God, "Enough!" It was left for this to put a legal injunction upon the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, and to make a Caspar Hauser of the highest intelligence of the human soul. Protestantism says to each young and glowing human spirit, "Think from your finite intelligence only, and you shall be reputable in this life and happy in the life to come. Try to think from God, and you shall be infamous here and damned hereafter." And then it marvels that materialism increases! Isaac Taylor openly welcomes any "motive of secular interest" which shall load man's thought and keep it from soaring, openly acknowledges that it is with him and his a desideratum to "cloud" the eye of human intelligence, to "impair," "blunt," "break" the higher powers of intellect, and to divert the aspiration for pure truth into the paths of selfish ambition!*

Yea, clip your goodly cedars, O Protestantism! Truncate, keep them down, make them ground creepers, if you can! Give them all liberty to grow laterally; praise them while they only spread about the earth; but if they *will* tower, if they will climb toward heaven, then cut them down root and branch, and cast them into unquenchable fire!

It is a new thing on this earth, unknown in human history until now, that intellect should be encouraged, praised, rewarded, so long as it will consent to be secular; and should be excommunicated so soon as, *without abatement of intrepidity*, it turns to the sacred problems of faith and duty. It is a new thing that "Religion" herself should curse an eye that looks bravely up, and bless one that looks down. It is a new thing,

* Natural History of Enthusiasm, pp. 82, 86.

doubt it who may, that it should be "infidel" to hear God's living voice with the living ear, and see his flame-garment with the living eye, and to put off the shoes because *this* also is holy ground; while it is "believing" to deny that speaking voice and luminous presence, and to limit the Spirit of Truth to mere correction of proof-sheets; — new that it should be unchristian to do as Christ did, and Christian to do as the Pharisees did, — unchristian to believe with Christ that light ever comes from heaven and fills him whose eye is single, and Christian to believe with the Pharisees and Isaac Taylor in a purely "documentary religion."

Well, here is a man who will assert the ancient eternal privilege of the soul. Here is a cedar that will grow toward heaven in the goodly fashion of early times, a cedar that no clipping can convert into a ground-creeper, and that no iron nor lightning of the time can lay low; — not elegant; knotted and gnarled, hacked and scarred; betraying the wounding of that time whose wounding it defies; nevertheless a cedar that will lift itself on this Lebanon of the new world, and stand, be it to bear the brunt of winter storm or to drink in the shine of summer days, high, broad, and green in the skies of to-day.

An inevitable man, then; inevitable in high directions; inhabited by an irrepressible "Thus saith the Lord." A man born to break through the fatal limitations of Protestantism, and to break through *on the side of duty and belief*.

Note next that the *quantity* of the man is prodigious. All his brooks are torrents, and all his rivers Missouris; his ounce is another's ton, and his handful freights a ship. When to repose after study another would yawn in den or shade, he leaps over a table or two and a few chairs. If he would recreate himself by walking, he makes journeys to weary a horse. If he read, it must be by the hundred volumes. His love and his wrath, his faith and his fun, are immense. Instead of merely pointing his finger when he would say to wicked power, "Thou art the man," he fetches the culprit a buffet, that sets his ears beating a tattoo on their own drums! He loves God, he loves his friends and mankind, with such enormous heartfuls of piety, affection, duty, and devotion, as are truly amazing. Quantity, — we are to carry the sense of this into all that is said of him.

These are the most general facts concerning him. And now coming to more precise analysis, we find the tap-root of the man to be *Religion* in the pure sense of the word. What is that sense? Surely not Schleiermacher's. Schleiermacher's definition of religion as a "sense of dependence" is well known and widely accepted; it was accepted, though provisionally, by Parker himself. It is here set aside. A mere selfish sense of dependence, — religion that? A man will be religious then in the measure of his weakness. But this is just what Plato's Polus and the brutal scoffers of all ages have pretended. They have stigmatized religion and morality alike as *weak* forms of selfishness, the product of man's imbecility, not of his power.

We think otherwise. We think religion the most powerful *achievement* of the human soul, the expression of man's viceroyalty, or mediate sovereignty, in Nature; and it is in this profounder sense that Parker is here pronounced eminently and originally religious. He felt, that is, the presence in and above Nature of a Spirit cognate with his own, though infinitely superior. He *felt* this living mystery of the universe; he knew it as lovable, awful. His soul spontaneously built altars to this adorable, kindred Presence; claiming kindred in the lowliness of worship, and receiving acknowledgment of its claim in the fruitful following of that act.

It is this spontaneous enthronement of Personality above Nature, which, in our estimation, constitutes the pith of religion. The sense of dependence is one among several natural feelings which are exalted and made human by the virtue of this supreme act. An act it is, not a speech or thought; but could it resolve itself into speech, it would say, "There is an Essence whom these elements obey; it is akin to the essence of Me; and how to be loved and feared!"

In the sovereign dignity of that act man rises out of the servitude of nature. In that act he strikes the connection between earth and heaven, and becomes himself the mediation between them. In that, his forehead touches the stars, and a more exalted sense of his being renders him for the first time capable of humility.

Now, in Parker the pure religious consciousness exists in

great power. He is one of the generative centres of it in his time. It vitalizes all his other powers, and is an atmosphere and aroma about him. The central experience of the human race is thus not only central, but predominant in him. Hence in his speech a charm for men's hearts, of which the intellectual contest gives no hint.

To no man is the religious consciousness wanting, but in most it awaits social and sympathetic provocation. Hence the phenomena of "revivals," which bring out, by sympathetic heat, this invisible writing, — connecting it, alas! with much that can only in a very hot-headed state be believed. But Parker was one of the few men who are *creatively* religious. This profoundest element of the human consciousness awaits in him no social solicitation, but pushes forth from his very cradle, and enriches the customs of the world with new suggestions. He is one of the ganglia of this great sympathetic cord. It is no revivalistic spasm, but natural as *avouirdupois*.

This masculine element of religion, this inward affirmation of universality, is beautifully accompanied, also, with its feminine correlative, the sentiment of piety. This is that reverential and affectionate dutifulness with which every being really human responds to the sense of his origin. It considers man as the receiver of his life, and divinely ennobles that sense of reception. And how sweetly it shows in this stalwart Parker! He has it in all womanly tenderness, this rugged man. In all loving fidelity and reverence he remembers father and mother, thinks of the human race, our common terrestrial parent, and looks up to his Infinite Parentage. In that "Father and Mother in heaven" of his, what love and duty! A shade of the pedagogic in his tone always; but always, too, such tender cordiality! In the cognate sentiment of *pity* he is perhaps equally rich. He commiserates, feels the wrongs of others as his own, feels, and feels nobly and tenderly, his community with his kind.

What vast tropic lovingness in the man, too, and what appetite for love! "The most loving soul of his century," writes to us one who knew him well; loving with brain and blood, with heart and soul. Mr. Weiss has taken affectionate pains to bring out this trait. It was well to give it prominence; for

few guessed what a warm woman's heart was hidden under the defiant exterior of this Ajax. Most men thought him an infidel pachyderm, all hide and hideousness, unfeeling, — him! They shot their arrows; he fell not, staggered not, nor writhed. They put poison on the barb, some of them, and then shot again; and again he gave them no comforting sign. And then they said, "Behold, he hath a devil, and the hardness of hell is upon him." And they saw not that every arrow went deep into a heart that loved greatly, and greatly hungered for love; and that only the vast heats of faith and duty consumed it and its venom away, and only the vast vitality of his believing soul healed the wounds, — leaving, however, scars. The last time, save one, that we heard him speak, was at a Lyceum lecture in Newburyport. He had then made no confession of physical weakness, and he hammered his reformatory iron as usual, with stout, ringing blows. But all through the lecture our thought was, how scarred with the wounding of many this large heart is! And we gave him inward tears and love. But an admirable woman near by saw the scars also, and thought them native deformities, and hated him. Nature is a painter to whom no Cromwell need say, "If you leave out the scars, I will pay you nothing." But in the eyes of Eternity the wounds that love and duty take, only because they *are* love and duty, are not deformities, — somewhat very different from that!

His moral vigor, again, is so great, that we think it must constitute him a feature of world-history, one of the ever-memorable men. Morality is duty interpreted and generalized by reason. One interpretation of it is given by immemorial custom. It is that to which the world has half seen, half groped its way; and it has this great practical advantage, that the inertia of men, and equally their appetite for approval and reward, favor their obedience to it. Morality of this half-indolent and half-interested kind is common; but a morality which has a purely spontaneous origination in an individual soul is not common. A morality which is wholly independent and active, a divine production of law in the heart of one man, is very rare. Rarer still, however, is that which distinguishes Parker, namely, a production of law, which is not only individual and spontaneous, but of power to go forth and vivify the

torpid earth of crowds, lifting the morality of an entire nation to higher levels. A genuine lawgiver once more.

There is, too, in this man a daring and indomitable love of truth, not often found among men. He will not lie to others, whether by speech or by silence; he will not palter with himself. He will know what he believes; he will say what he believes. Neither by fear to think nor by haste to reach results, neither by fear nor by haste to utter his thought, can his determined truthfulness be balked. The whole brood of mock-beliefs, make-beliefs, half-beliefs, he chases scornfully out of his soul; his fan is in his hand, and he winnows away at the chaff of consecrated verbiage and ceremonial faith with the zeal of an autumn gale. It comes of this truthfulness that he does not succeed at first in writing sermons. His slowly-ripening nature had not arrived at active and individual belief; and though he accepted conscientiously at that time the creed of his teachers, yet this mere conscience-belief chose to speak briefly, as conscience ever does. *I ought* is but two words. Rightly pronounced, indeed, and with due application, it would shake down half the pulpits of Christendom, and scare the well-dressed worshippers from their tottering sanctuaries. But before these applications can be attained, it must be multiplied by another factor, namely, *I see*, and for vision Parker was then waiting. But when the electrical connection between sight and duty had been struck, then indeed came the thunder and sky-flame and rain of believing words. No difficulty in sermonizing then!

Nothing shows in a stronger light this love of truth, than its power to cope with his most impetuous and consecrated prepossessions. He wars for the rights of the negro; consumes his heart's blood in the ardor of that battle; then goes dying to the West Indies, and observes the negro with an air of utter moral disengagement, intent only on seeing what he is, not on seeing somewhat to justify that faith and labor of his life. "Slow; a loose-jointed sort of animal; a great child." Wagner, Port Hudson, the expedition up the St. Mary's, the marches of the Peninsula, the bringing out of the "Planter," the schools of Port Royal, and much else which has taken place in the century (for America) since Theodore Parker died,

would have shown him that this "animal" has a faculty, upon occasion, of bestirring himself to eminent purpose ; but the ingenuousness of the observation remains, however its correctness be impugned. Did ever before a furnace-hot propagandist stand so coolly and faithfully aloof from his prepossessions in observing facts ?

There is a love of truth which is exclusive, jealous, sour, a Turk in the soul that endures no brother near the throne. In its jealousy of rivals and its zeal to propitiate the gods of the understanding, it immolates intuition, imagination, sentiment, every finer suggestion, every subtlest power of the soul. It is not rare in our day, and is a pretty miserable virtue. Looking on this sour sciolism, one grows charitable toward the will-belief, half-belief, ceremonial belief, word-belief, which were somewhat less than tolerable to him before. He perceives that the virtue of the world is to a great degree parcelled out between opposites, and that a narrow, "grumpy," low-headed fidelity to truth of the understanding is fairly enough offset by a hoodwinked, forced, or feather-headed fidelity to the traditional suggestion of those supreme truths which the former denies or ignores.

But in Parker this love of truth was warm, sweet, and believing, — how warm ! It did not name religion superstition, nor faith folly, nor sentiment childishness. However he might depart from the customary creeds, or make war upon them, it was ever as a *believer* that he strove. His reason was faithful to his heart, yet none the less faithful to itself. The great heats of heart-belief kept his whole being aglow ; the great impulses of it ran in spring-tides through his veins ; but his faithfulness to rational truth was not overwhelmed, was not imperilled, was not impressed with any fear of rivalry. So strong and sure, so deep and sane it was, that no doubt of itself made it doubtful of other powers, no mixture of impurity put it jealously on its guard, and troubled its harmony with religion, duty, faith, and all forces of the heart.

Add to these characteristics yet another, namely, his *simpli-city of spirit*. This should be noted well ; for much, nay, everything in his action depended largely upon it. As to the mode of obtaining truth, for example, he has, and can have,

no sickly modern dubitations. "God has given me an intelligence; my business is to use it honestly." Vain the effort to invalidate his trust in it. "God has given it me"; that is his answer. Pour on him threats of *post mortem* perditions; they run off like rain from the feathers of an eider duck. "God does not bestow powers, and then punish their use." Try to breed in him a suspicion of some double-dealing in Eternal Nature; tell him that eyes are given man in order that he may practise self-denial by closing them, and assure him that this voluntary blindness is "faith": vain again. "Eyes are put in the front of the head that man may walk *forward*; and an intelligence is given his soul that he may look before him and see the truth." The disastrous muddle of modern self-questioning has no place in him. He ignores it by an intrepid simplicity. Always and inevitably he takes the universe simply, believingly. Truth is that which the mind *troweth*; Parker's business is to *trow*, and he honestly attends to it; and any misgiving lest God should not keep *troth* with the human soul, should not justify the faculties he has given, is foreign, infinitely foreign, from his heart.

In fact, it is this indomitable, trustful simplicity of soul which chiefly makes him Theodore Parker. One answer to one question at that Delphos of the universe, the believing heart of man, suffices him. God's Yea is with him Yea. He does not pause to ask, Meanest thou as thou sayest? Sayest thou as thou seemest to say? May I believe? He *does* believe. He hears and goes. Nor does he go and then return to see if the Eternal was sincere with him, or continues of the same mind: he goes, content, sure; he is answered, it is enough.

This simplicity makes his speed. His was not a winged intelligence, it was not even swift of foot. It was slow, and toiled with prodigious labor to its results. It was an old English staghound, powerful, indefatigable, of a long scent, slow-footed. But it lost no time, wasted no effort. He took the scent and followed it, steady-paced, deep-breathed, undoubting. No question arises in him whether this scent be not deceiving, given him not to be trusted, but to be "humbled." This is the philosophy of the man, to take the universe at its

word, to take it simply, to believe that the spiritual powers of man are given him for simple, straight-forward, trustful use. He flies toward the tropic of the soul, and attains it, because, like a bird in its migration, he flies simply, believably. Not fleet, and yet ever first at the goal.

It is the sceptic turnings and returnings of men, their hesitation and half-action, that defraud them of the fruit of effort. They ask a hundred questions, and have not faith to receive one answer. They draw back to make a leap, and then — draw back again. They think, and then think whether thinking is justifiable, and then think whether the word *justifiable* stands for something or nothing, and so breed in and in until their thoughts come to cretinism. Parker thought — and believed. He no more distrusted the data furnished by the soul and the history of man, than an eagle distrusts its eyesight, or a hound its sense of smell. Simplicity is his speed.

These are the major facts of his character. But there were secondary traits which so strongly influenced both his methods and his reception, that no account of him would be at all complete without statement of these.

The most important of them has been once named already. It is Moral Irascibility. He is *wroth* with wrong. All his blood rises up in choler against it. This is, indeed, but the chief aspect of a more general fact, namely, that in him ideas are associated with vast temperamental heat. All action of his mind is attended with a great combustion. In his prayers, in his affirmation of God and immortality, in all his expression of duty, piety, religion, one ever perceives the mingling of this sanguineous heat. One might compare him, too, to a steam-engine constructed on the high-pressure principle; a certain escape of steam attends its action, fuel being abundant in these regions. His uncontainable ire at injustice is a particular expression of this great temperamental combustion and high-pressure make, in their connection with a soul whose sense of justice is illimitable.

The taste of the time goes against moral passion. It is esteemed "unchristian." An honorable, but worldly, gentleman once told us of seeing Parker at a time when his indignation was kindled, and described the expression of choler on his

countenance as evidence of his unholiness. Other times have thought differently. The Hebrew writers do not scruple to ascribe anger to the Eternal, nor to give of it the intensest physical description. They surely felt that anger *may* be among the holiest of emotions, and its visible symbols among the most honorable. Who says that Christianity has changed all this? Let him read the twenty-third of Matthew, with its consuming invective, — directed, observe, against the most reputable religionists of that day, — and forbear to intimate that Christianity presents moral passion, or its utmost issue in words, as an offence.

Parker was a *soldier* of Truth and Right. The decorums of the battle-field are his. No doubt those who opposed him, especially in theology, were often honest, pious men; and now that the fray is over, not a word of opprobrium shall be uttered against them. But he was *in* the fight, not *out* of it. Driven on by the vast heats of his believing spirit, and struck at on all sides by the crowding and mingling hands of piety and impiety, of those whose thoughts were prayers, and of those whose thoughts were blasphemies, could he pause to make nice distinctions? Could he afford, like Hamlet, to take in his hand only a foil with a button on the end of it? No, with him it was real battle, God's battle. He must on and lay about him, two-handed and terrible. The spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he hewed the Agag of the time in pieces; but it was an Agag in armor, not in chains, and he struck for life in striking for truth and Heaven. Off the battle-field and without occasion, to prick one even with a pin is brutal; but in fight the warrior shall cleave his foe to the chin, and be not only blameless, but glorious. That which Parker did in the height of his imperative and imperial moral passion we do not apologize for; our aim is simply to make him intelligible. To defame him with weak excusing were worse than the bitterest of direct reproach.

Observe, however, that this element of moral passion has never been absent from any man who has made a profound and *immediate* moral impression on mankind. Luther, as everybody knows, was a very caldron of it. It places a man *en rapport* with the moral sense of masses in an immediate, semi-

physical way, almost without the intervention of intellect. Its expressions are a kind of gesticulation, which is universally understood, not demanding the delay of definite thought. The *action, action, action* of Demosthenes is well enough known, but seldom well enough interpreted. It is a truth, not merely of the forum, but of history. The highest power, not only of oratorical persuasion, but of initiating currents of tendency in history, is not intellectual, still less rhetorical. So far from residing in words or figures of speech, it resides not even in thoughts, not even in ideas as shaped by intellect and uttered by the voice. Ever it issues from action *which contains passion*. This is eloquence, this the fountain of persuasion. *Contains passion*, observe. If the action be shattered, be deformed by the passion, and spill it helplessly about, instantly eloquence ceases; but action which is continent, while full of passion, carries almost irresistible persuasion. Yet while duly contained, the passion must utter itself as passion,—always by some *cry*, some form of the primitive, sympathetic, inarticulate sign-language of mankind.

If now this be a passion of the *soul*; if it come as a wind or blast out of the spiritual being of man, out of the world of ideas, then does it blow against the mountain-tops of man's life such vapors as quickly descend in rain, and roll in rivers, giving growth to cities and green to hemispheres. Accordingly, it will be found that ideas never become popular forces in history, save through the medium either of words or events which carry this impassioned persuasion. The hemlock of Socrates has done more even than the genius of Plato to make Platonists. It is not the preaching, it is the cross, of Jesus which has converted the world: and Paul followed the sure instinct of the orator when he preached, not definite thoughts, but a Person, and him suffering. This, too, explains the force which the imagination of the passion of God has had in the modern world. Men cling to the doctrine of vicarious atonement ostensibly, not really, from affection to the legal fiction it contains, but in truth because the imagination of a suffering God moves and fertilizes them beyond their power to be moved by articulate ideas.

Thus the element of moral passion in Parker was indispen-

sable to his work. It might put choler in his countenance, but it also put there the working which wrought upon the people. It might make his words fire to scathe, but it likewise made them flame to illumine. It gave him power to convey moral ideas to men, not merely through their faculty of thinking, which is in most men small, but as it were through their nerves and pores.

We ourselves participate in the infirmity of modern culture, and have but a feeble taste for these stormy methods. But Parker, with all his learning, was ever more a *nature* than a scholar, ever chiefly an elemental force in history. We are to judge him, and be grateful for him, accordingly. Were his words, like Luther's, half-battles? Well, we have to-day the *whole* battle; and it is, for the most part, *on the same field, and with the same occasion*. He preoccupied that battle-field by moral foresight. Fifteen years before the nation, he was in the thick of the nation's fight; he lived in the thick of it, sleeping only upon his arms; the cannon of the enemy roared upon him, he was wounded with their shot; if half-battle damn him, what will whole battle, and on the same field, do for the nation?

We are next to notice his Humor, which also had much effect on his methods and on the welcome and the blame which he received. "His temperament," says Mr. Cranch brightly, "seemed one charged with electricity, so that he was literally *snapping* at times with sparks of fun and satire." Everything in him was tinged with the hues of this element. One saw it strangely inwrought with the rugged, solemn earnestness of his features; one heard it subtly relieving the peculiar inward resonance of his voice, with its deep gravity, that else would have been sombre; "it twinkled continually" in his intent, serious gray eyes, which none the less told of the weighty experience of his soul,—told that they had seen God in the great light, and seen also and defied the powers that dwell in darkness; "it lurked about the corners of his mouth," but took nothing from its tenderness in love, nor its strength and vigor in resolve. As a relief from the prodigious labors of his life, this became hilarious fun and drollery; he sat as in a cloud of laughing fancies; all the quaint sprites were at his call, and came in crowds.

He was, if he chose, a capital mimic. In the early days of "Spiritualism" (properly *Spiritism*), he, with some younger friends, was journeying in a stage-coach in company with a venerable clerical gentleman, who was among the first converts to the *spiritist* faith. The venerable gentleman was airing his convictions, when suddenly, without a word of preliminary, Parker seemed to be taken possession of by the spirit of a deceased *clericus* known to both parties; for he began speaking in the exact tone of this personage, giving, without a moment's hesitation, the most precise and detailed account of his whereabouts, and of his history since he "passed on"; and through all he observed so exquisitely this person's tone of thought and feeling, while observing also the proprieties of the spiritist doctrine, that the whole party were amazed. The venerable convert's delight was, however, quite equal to his astonishment; and when Parker passed suddenly to a second, and then to a third, and then to a fourth representation, giving them all with the same gravity and felicity, his elderly friend was in raptures, and cried out, "Had I doubted before, this would have ended my doubt forever!" The rest of the party, who were not spiritists, were dumbfounded, and began to think they must succumb to the new doctrine. But when one of them soon after met the "medium" on a pleasure excursion, and asked him about it, he confessed it a pleasantry. But those who knew him most intimately knew best the wealth of this humorous suffusion; for it mingled chiefly with his love. He gradually came to operate around him an elaborate dramatic machinery, so that his intercourse with household friends became *plays*. He had an imaginary society, "The Society," and loaded its personages, in a kind of De-Foe-Shakespeare style, with his most familiar communications. "Ruskin must be very innocent to have such animal spirits with so slender a stock of health," said to us an English philosopher; and we never knew how utter was Parker's innocence before learning of this irrepressible loving sportiveness of his most private life.

But it was this element which, in combination with moral passion, made that white-hot sarcasm with which, like Hercules, he seared the heads of the dragon. It was of vast service to him. It lightened, without lessening, the gravity of his thought;

it seasoned the simplicity of his style; it mollified, and yet winged, his invective; and last, but not least, it was the cork, the buoyancy, by whose aid his heart swam through the great sea of its surging experience.

Complaint is made of his sarcasm. As well complain of oak bark for being astringent, or of oak limbs for being angular. Where his wrath at wrong is, there *must* his humor be also. He is mostly unconscious of it. He denies being satirical in his serious writing; says his sole aim is to state the exact truth. Some marvel at this disclaimer. They do not know their man.

Last of these modifying qualities we name his love of homeliness. "Homeliness," says Thoreau, "is next to beauty, and a very high art." It is ingrained in Parker. His features are homely. Beneath a noble cranium and a broad forehead that presses down low upon the face, with Coleridge's "weighty thought-ridge above the brows," there are cheek-bones a little prominent; a sufficient nose, somewhat short on the vertical line of the face, and a very little *retroussé*; a lower lip that slightly pushes out its protest; a chin which is in comparison with this somewhat, not very noticeably, retreating; while in every feature there is rugged strength, and over all a suffusion of heroic intensity.

His style corresponds to this noble head and these rugged, intense, homely features. Along with his mental power and rhetorical affluence there is always a plain, blunt, homely simplicity. He likes plain words, steeped, if possible, in homely, motherly affections. He says "baby" instead of "babe," or "infant." He likes "handsome" better than "beautiful"; will talk of "handsome" fields, flowers, hills, even of "handsome" sunsets and stars!

Hence he uses a larger proportion of Saxon words than any other writer, perhaps, of his time. Fifteen years ago, having often heard Daniel Webster commended for the Saxon simplicity of his style, we instituted a comparison between him and Parker, adding also Sumner, taking for comparison Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations," Parker's "Sermon of the Mexican War," and some principal speech of Webster's, we have now forgotten which. To the best of our recollec-

tion the result was as follows: in one hundred words of Parker, from eighty-eight to ninety-one were Saxon; in one hundred of Webster, from eighty-three to eighty-five; in one hundred of Sumner's, from seventy-one to seventy-four.

But the homely simplicity was not in his vocabulary alone; it was in the structure of his sentences, in his thought and feeling; it gives to his humor its touch of the grotesque, and it places him *en rapport* with the heart of the people. The people knew their man. How he grappled them to him! What a popularizer he was! When shall we again see the like of him? The Hogarth of theological and moral controversy, the De Foe of religious philosophy, — every thought and feeling of his held natural connection with the thought and heart of the people, of the best among the many. All his mental power, all his wealth of heart, would have fallen short of its popular effect without this element of homeliness, this homely truth, this homely lovingness, this homely sympathy with the heart and experience of mankind.

It accounts, they say, for the popularity of some writers, that they keep down to the level of average feeling and intelligence. Parker did *not* keep down to any such level. He towered high, he stood at a mountain height of moral elevation; but the more he towered, the more spread his Alpine base in the bosom of our average humanity; so that the better heart of the people lay lovingly, like secondary strata, against his descending sides.

And now, in conclusion of this personal analysis, we must pass to an estimation of his intellect, the most difficult clause in the present portion of our task.

Mass, Energy, and Steadiness are the chief characteristics of his mind. His understanding, that is, excels rather by quantity than by quality. Of course, this is a rude distinction; but it will serve. He has the intellect, in other words, rather of a statesman, man of affairs, man of learning, master (not discoverer) in science, than of an idealist or philosopher. He had a genius for use rather than for theory; a genius to apply and economize the highest truths, more than to enunciate them from an original insight.

His religious heart, his moral foresight, his opulent sensibil-

ity, did indeed supply him with data, as well as interests, unknown to most of the immediate leaders of men ; but his intellect, taken by itself, is of the same class. Great quantity he had, and great perfection of the average intellect. It was flanked, moreover, with any number of special gifts. He can "toil terribly" ; he can remember everything ; his steadiness of head and power of pursuit are almost Newtonian ; and he methodizes as he breathes. He is as absorbed as Neander, and as quick of eye as a police detective. He is a fox-hound for a stretch, and a hare for a turn. In his study, or indeed out of it, he can follow a line for a lifetime, patient, dogged, indefatigable : put him on a platform before a stormy audience, and he is a very Beecher at repartee. His penetration and foresight astonish one. "We shall reach our Canaan, like the Israelites," he said, "only through a Red Sea." In the year 1856 he is coolly arranging his expenses with reference to a civil war that must come. Most of us were wiser and knew better then ! We saw clearly that this prognostic came only from heat of brain and blood !

His intellectual powers are most extraordinary. What man in all history is known to have combined such extent of reading and remembering with practical labor so prodigious, and moral engagement so intense ? Of course it is our ignorance merely which asks the question. Who will relieve us of this ignorance ?

Nevertheless his intellectual powers, however in degree extraordinary, are in kind ordinary. Of himself he judged otherwise. Without a trace of self-conceit, without overrating his work really performed, he attributed to himself philosophical intellect. We think him in error. He had philosophical learning and sympathy with universal human truth ; his nature was rich, as we have said, in the data which philosophy demands ; while his facile method threw all his thoughts and facts at once into systematic form. He was thus not merely a prodigious popularizer, as a brilliant writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* suggests, but a remarkable systematizer as well ; and it is this power of systematizing, colored by the underlying sympathy with truths of the highest order, which appears to his own eye a power of philosophizing.

But he lacked the capital quality of intellect, namely, imaginative intelligence. Rhetorical imagination he had ; power to conceive of scenes and events he had ; singular power to realize opinion he had ; power to divine the symbolism of nature and history he had not. His universe is one of straight lines. His method is mnemonic rather than creative, the method of a mower making hay, rather than of Nature in growing herds-grass and clover. His moral insight is great, though his moral foresight or logic is greater ; but his imaginative insight is small. He is a diviner with regard to duty and events ; he is a *feeling* memorizer with regard to pure speculative truth.

His limitation in this particular renders him a poor judge of the greatest books and minds, — poor, we mean, as compared with himself in other respects : and he grew poorer as he grew older and gained in dogmatic momentum. In early life he had great enjoyment of Plato's Phædrus ; later he went to Plato drily, to see how *correct* were his moral and theological notions. He criticises Voltaire well (save in attributing to him wondrous "imagination" !), but thinks him, on the whole, a greater man than Goethe ! Say what one will, Goethe is the founder of the new time. But our mighty smith does not recognize in the *mine* the very metal he hammers. He loves and reverences Emerson ; but jeers at his poetry. He makes little of Allcott, nothing of Thoreau : the one a rare specimen of imaginative intellect unsupported by any stalwart strength of understanding ; and the other a specimen equally rare of imaginative humor and sympathy with Nature, associated with heroic morals, but also with a vein of wilfulness and extravagance. The failure to perceive the virtue of such natures is no small failure, and indicates a closed eye *somewhere*.

We find in his Life no evidence that he had ever read any great poem *as* a poem, unless the "Hero and Leander" of Musæus, whose sentiment charmed him, be reckoned among such. He studies Homer laboriously ; but of the nine heads which embody his results, eight refer to the manner of composition, and the ninth is as follows : "That the theology and morality are very high, considering the time, but not so high as those of the Old Testament." He delights in Sophocles ; but, so far

as the evidence goes, only for his pictures of moral excellence. The only reference to Shakespeare in his correspondence is disparaging, so far as it goes, and shows his point of view to be that of the moral *doctrinaire*. It is said, however, by one who knew and understood him personally as well, perhaps, as any other man in America, that he could have a truly poetic enjoyment of the greatest poems, provided that some accordance with his individual tastes, or some appeal to his moral sympathies, had once opened the door for his entrance into it.

His interpretation of history is penetrating and intrepid, but prosaic. He goes to it as with a moral yardstick. Calvinism, Catholicism, and Greek mythology alike, alike Juno and Jehovah, he estimates by their conformity to certain standards of morality, finding in this their sole significance. The religious imaginations of the Middle Ages, as represented in mediæval art, merely disgust him. The Greek figures of deities signify to him only "lusty fellows who ate and drank and begat children in joyfulness of heart." He meets no mythology on its own level; never seeks to divine it imaginatively, but only to measure it morally. The vast cloud-pictures of Brahminical belief, what are they? Only fog, he thinks, if you look near and sharply enough. But so are the scarlet and gold of sunset only fog, if you look near enough.

Owing to the like limitations, his philosophy never reached metaphysic proper, but paused at psychology, or mental physiology. He considers man as a collection of spiritual organs; just as Gall divides the brain into a number of cerebral organs. He accepts these as ultimate facts, and does not attempt to resolve and render them into their equivalents in pure truth. Man has an intellectual "faculty," a moral "faculty," a religious, an affectional "faculty"; he is a bundle of faculties or organs, each taken as an ultimate fact. That Whole in which these faculties become one, where is that? It is presupposed, not presented. The wholeness, the unity, does not appear; still less does it appear as a Cosmical Unit, a *universal* Whole. The soul is considered as a psychical mechanism, the work of God's hand; not his child, that is, the necessary and spherical interpretation of His being. He said "Father and Mother in heaven"; but it was pious sentiment, not speculative in-

sight, that spoke. *Intellectually*, he regarded man as a mechanism, made, not begotten ; and he did not even indicate well its unity *as* a mechanism, but dwelt chiefly on the parts as parts. The old, indirect way, the mythological or sky-picture way, of indicating the powers and the universality of the soul, he abandoned. It had become hopelessly literalized ; he took it at its estimation among those who held it, *as* mere literality ; he discarded it as such, and did well. He reverted to the direct or scientific method ; tried to tell in explicit, straight-forward terms what man and his supreme relations are. He took the road on which the centuries must travel, and he went *so* far upon it, — to psychology, to the consideration of man as a psychical mechanism, made by God, and designed to act according to the plan of its construction.

He took the right road. That is enough. How far he went upon it is a secondary question. He made a beginning, and a sane and manly beginning. He adopted, once for all, the direct, or scientific, point of view ; and adopted it strictly *in the interest of faith and morals*. That was his function in history. To assume this point of view RELIGIOUSLY, and *to give popular interest to it*, was a strictly cardinal act. It is impossible, in our gravest and most deliberate judgment, to emphasize this matter too much ; for we are not surer that the sun rises and sets, than that the interests of ages are turning upon this hinge.

Here, then, is the man. A nature profoundly religious and moral ; a massive and methodizing common-sense, devoted to the consideration chiefly of *uses*, and accompanied by great power of popular attraction ; the genuine push of Destiny behind him ; around him the bands of an invincible unity and simplicity. A man central in virtue of the independent equality in him of religion and intellect ; a man who, in virtue of his unconquerable simplicity of being, will not be divided, but will carry his whole being into all action, and thus affirm his centrality ; a man whose intellect is common in kind, and who therefore interprets his being by flights that are always within the scope of popular vision. And this was the man required.

II.

This was the man required. The want of modern history was unity, — spiritual unity. Civilization, once simple, whole, sincere, had by its very progress become duplex; half this, half that; an uncertain wavering between unrelated, if not antagonistic, principles. Life was parcelled out, and dubiously divided between sacred and profane, between faith and reason, between God and Nature; while what should be named sacred and what profane was little more than formally determined, the real interest of the largest and noblest natures by no means corresponding. The new epoch had, indeed, already opened before Parker came upon the scene; but the epoch from which ours is escaping was one spiritually divided against itself to a degree, in our deliberate judgment, never before equalled in the known history of man. It was, indeed, a great and splendid house, but divided against itself, and therefore tottering.

These words need explanation. To many they will seem hard. Is there not a progress in history? Is not each age more advanced than the preceding? There is progress; but it is very complicated, and perpetually includes special retrogressions. A growing child is now full, now hungry; and the advancing history of the world has its hunger and want, — a want as of beggary, a hunger as of famine.

We proceed, therefore, to indicate the historical position; nor, with all the demand for brevity, must this be done too briefly; for the ground to be covered is large, and the results to be reached not only determine the very significance of Parker's existence, but suggest the relation of our century to the future. At best, no more than a mere hint of the fact can be given in this place; but that hint is indispensable, and shall, at least, be explicit.

The old Catholic world was whole; crude indeed, narrow, ignorant, half-civilized indeed, — nevertheless whole. The essential idea of it may be expressed under two heads. First, it assumes the absolute supremacy of institutions over man; secondly, it makes these institutions representative of the loftiest spiritual imaginations known to the human race. Here the *ineffable* truth of the soul is imaged in wood, — in the

woodenness of popes, cardinals, councils, mechanical inspirations, and the like ; and then this conventionalized ideal, this materialized reflection of the soul's deepest dreams, is lifted up and fixed between man and heaven, — a foreign domination over the spirit that gave it birth. The special characteristic of these imaginations does not here concern us ; but we may repeat in passing a remark made in an earlier portion of this essay, that the root-imagination was that of the passion of God.

Imaginative truth, what is it ? We can say no more here, than that it is truth of that profoundest kind which rational analysis forever advances upon and never exhausts. Always it vitally moves the heart of man ; but either lurks in him, the unseen fascination, the ineffable secret of his soul, or comes forth to paint marvellous pictures on the skies and on the canvas of the past. Once in a while, once in a great while, there comes into history a spirit so profound and ripe as to speak predominantly in the deepest tone of this order of spiritual truth. He makes mankind great ; he awakens its deeper genius ; he evokes from its bosom the same order of truth. His memory does the same after his death, and becomes the centre of a growing picture. Christianity dates from One who carried forward supremely these sublimest economies of history, and drew from the heart of the race its purest and least suspected resources.

Catholicism is a wooden embodiment of the imaginations which three centuries had contributed under the attractions of this Messianic spirit. With the hard framework of Roman imperialism it built these imaginations into a powerful wooden system, and set this up above the soul of man in the purest despotic sovereignty.

The method of the system was adapted to the time : the system did what was desired of it, and is surely one of the notable things in history. For a thousand years religion — and that, too, under the interpretations of a sublime, though crude, spirituality — stood at the centre and included the circumference of the social world. Nothing was above it, nothing beyond it, nothing beneath. All knowledge, all thought, all authority, stood in its embrace ; life, death, love, remorse, the blessing of

time and the hope of eternity, submitted to its supremacy. It anointed rule, consecrated covenant, commissioned discovery, gave data and direction to thought, established disciplines, shaped instructions; it was another and superior parent in every family, it was a third party in the rapturous plight of man and maid, it was higher conscience in the heart of the penitent; and, having walked with man through his earthly life, it stood by at his departure, and opened for him with authority the portals of immortality. It performed these functions and held this sovereignty for ten centuries, not by arbitrary wooden pressure merely, but by the commanding attractions and comprehension of its ideas.

Then began a change. Then stole into the most active and intrepid intellects a presentiment of *truth lying beyond this system*, — a vague feeling that there were outlying Americas of truth, of which it knew nothing. Abelard and Roger Bacon represent this dissatisfaction and forth-looking. Sad lives are theirs, oscillating, self-contradictory, satisfying neither themselves nor the eye of posterity. They are unsettled by the secret of their lives, by the consciousness of somewhat in their own thought which made them foreign, not only to their own time, but to *all* the times they had been taught to reverence, — foreign in their own homes, strangers at the hearthstone of mankind: unsettled, as such men almost always are. But they were suppressed, and the Church still flourished and decayed.

But ere long there came somewhat of more importance, — not a mere presentiment of outlying truth, but the final and definitive discovery of entire provinces of such. Classic literature and physical science, — these were the new worlds. The Church feared them, frowned on them, fell in love with them; and finally agreed to recognize them as provinces of “profane truth”! Profane truth! He whom this collocation does not shock should inquire after the health of his soul.

These then were to be recognized as provinces of truth, over which religion and spiritual truth were not sovereign. That is the beginning; what end shall follow? But the beginning is highly contented with itself at first. There is a fair compromise. “Profane” truth is not to invade “sacred” truth; the new knowledge is to carry back no lights, no infer-

ences, upon the old faith ; and the Church is, in consideration thereof, to forbear intermeddling with the other, and let it grow freely. And grow it does indeed.

The bargain is not badly kept. The Church brings no second Galileo to his knees ; science and learning carry their inferences outward only, not inward. But behold what happens. "Profane" truth quickly obtains the cestus of Venus, — commands the imagination. See the change in Italian art ; read the life of Kepler, pious heart ; observe the enthusiasm of Bacon, and of how many others. See with what all the really great intellects chiefly concern themselves : who can name one man of the first intellectual rank in the last four centuries — Milton and Swedenborg excepted — with whom "profane" truth was not more engaging than "sacred" ? Can that last ? He believes not in God who thinks it can last.

But it lasts long. Science goes in and takes full possession of the physical universe. Profane history enlarges itself, and makes sacred history a mere "poor relation." Then the great activities of the modern world step forth, and become independent. Commerce and all industries establish themselves on political economy, on natural science, — on "profane" truth, — and practically assert their liberation. Statesmanship follows suit. And lastly "sacred" truth — after noble Puritan spasms of effort to assume supremacy — definitely declares itself a purely special agency in the world, charged with the business of attending to the private interests of individuals after death. Its results are *post mortem*. "It is not the business of revelation to reveal a system of science." "Religion has nothing to do with politics." Revivalism arises among the earnest and timid ; formal priestly conservatism among cooler natures. "Sacred" truth will no longer attempt to pilot the ships of the world ; it only asks a place as passenger, with a predilection for comfortable state-rooms, though also many an earnest Methodist or missionary will content himself with the barest deck-passage. "Orthodoxy" begins to feel its weakness. Able worldlings are complimented upon exhibiting "a respect for religion" ! If a great man of science, like Newton, shows some secondary interest in dogmatic theology, there fail not to be those who remind us, a little swellingly, that

he "does not think it beneath him" to bestow attention on such subjects!

Thus at first that truth which is recognized as sacred, is equally recognized as universal. All sets out from it, all returns into it. In kingdoms and schools alike, alike in the realms of intellect and of action, it originates, contains, and concludes all. Then comes the fatal moment when it makes the *infinite* descent from the position of universality to one of special limitation. Then, falling farther, it ceases to occupy even the larger space in the eye of Thought and Culture, loses its charm for the Mind of Christendom, loses predominance in the world of affairs, and takes a subordinate or secondary position. Finally, it becomes confessedly an encumbrance upon this world in the interest of another.

The time now arrives when daring spirits begin to ask, What is this, then, that stands here in the way? Is it something, or nothing? truth, or pretence? And as the basis of their criticism upon it, they assume the great body of "profane" truth, and the vast activities which acknowledge this as their law.

That moment was inevitable. He is blind to the facts, or a child in his understanding of the laws of history, who doubts that it was inevitable. The compromise by which Reason and Revelation agreed to let each other alone, must share the fate of all compromises. Temporary expedients are for the time, not for perpetuity. The deep heart of man eternally craves unity, and abhors chasm. If unity, then, cannot be obtained on the old basis; if, by the existing scheme of that, we are to hang here forever, dangling dubiously between Sacred and Profane, and that Profane *not* a lie, but truth, and truth too that rules both in kingdoms and universities, and divides the interest of the churchman himself, — then, say some, in the name of Earth, if not of Heaven, let us assume the opposite basis, and see what will come of that. Let us assume Science, and apply it as criticism to the idea of Revelation.

This was the "infidelity" of the last century. It assumed Science as its measure, and "Cultivated Reason" as its spirit of truth. It measured the truth which had been called sacred by that which had been called profane. And its re-

sults were a persuasion that the idea of Revelation is preposterous, and that all which has grown on that soil was of the nature of fungus, fed from the decays of the world.

It would not do. Men craved a moral unity for their existence; but a unity obtained by eliminating from their existence the element of the infinite, met not that desire. They would fain hear the voice of God as universal; ill did it answer their wish to assure them wittily that God has no voice. There was a violent recoil from the Voltairean gospel, and a heated pious archaism arose from this attempt to modernize the creed of the world. Arose; but the modern world is here, and we are of it. Religious antiquarianism must needs have the brevity, as well as the intensity, of a spasm. Revivalism backslides into common-sense; mere worldly common-sense has its fits of devout remorse, in which it attempts to *Jerusalemize* the nineteenth century. The old halfness, the old contradiction, remains; and Church and "world" alike oscillate between Voltaire and Jonathan Edwards. Meanwhile Voltaire and Edwards themselves for moments change places; in fact, are held in their places only by opposition, only by the necessity of converting the world.

Nothing yet had been gained. Religion cannot be expelled from the heart of man, nor the idea of Revelation from history; the mind of the modern world cannot again be got upon the old Catholic platform, mend, joint, and smooth-plane the same how one will. It is a drawn battle. Voltaireanism is a failure; Revivalism is a failure. The one makes "sceptics," the other "saves souls"; neither can give spiritual unity to modern civilization; neither "sacred" truth nor "profane" truth can establish itself as universal.

But each of these partisanships can run out into abundant mischief. The French Revolution remains as the trophy of enlightened no-belief; our civil war is one among several trophies of unenlightened half-belief. Religion cannot be expelled from the world, but it may immolate itself on the altars of "other-worldliness"; it may make sacrifice of its virtue as a working force; it may arrive at practical reconciliation with the basest moral essence of atheism. Drearier atheism this earth never knew than has been uttered from American pul-

pits by reverend doctors. Yet the doctors were really religious. Deity-worship and devil-worship are the two extremes of possibility always open to religious sentiment, accordingly as it is, or is not, guided by intelligence. It is well to have the steam and the engine ; but much also will depend upon the engineer !

This is the world-sickness that cries for healing, namely, spiritual dividedness. A divided heart is at once restless and powerless ; it does nothing with labor ; it has all of toil but its hope, and all of care but its compensation.

Here Parker comes forward. Not the first, not the originator of a new philosophy. Thinkers had preceded him in our own country, and yet earlier in other countries ; many cultivated men had passed clearly into the new epoch ; in Unitarianism there had been an invaluable, though limited, movement of the more cultivated class ; but a movement at once popular and adequate remained to be made. A statement remained to be made, and to be supported by daring action, which should have the triple virtue of being central and reconciling in its affirmation, of explaining itself instantly to common intelligence, and of making moving appeal to the fountains of faith and believing courage in the heart of the people.

Parker raised his voice. His primary affirmation is substantially this : *All truth of the universe is God's truth ; all God's truth is sacred ; all sacred truth makes a basis for sacred duty.* Proceeding farther he said : *In God's truth there are degrees ; the sovereign degree is truth of the soul ; of this truth the soul itself is a perpetual revelation.* And reasoning in support of these affirmations, he argued substantially as follows : *Where there is spiritual being, there is spiritual activity and power ; where spiritual power articulates itself, as sooner or later it must, there is enunciation of spiritual truth ; where spiritual truth is published, God's thought and will are revealed.*

Thus, using the word *religion* in its largest sense, we might say that religion and revelation are opposite sides of the same medal ; *religion being revelation in the vital form, and revelation being religion in the intellectual form.* This affirmation is certainly central. If sustained, it meets the exigency, and heals the divided heart of the time.

An admirable writer in the North American Review, whose criticism has rare value, pronounces Parker's an "unsound philosophy." Parker mistook, he intimates, the nobleness of his private nature for a fact of human nature at large. We deny not that there is a sense in which this might be said truly. But if the eloquent critic in question means, as he seems, to assert that the spiritual consciousness of mankind has no unity, and that the heart of man does *not* answer to man as face to face in water, we must needs take issue with him, and very gravely. Individual diversity is not to be blinked; it is vast; but if we blink the unity that underlies it, for us chaos has come. A man and a whale are little alike, yet they belong to the same class of animals, the mammalia; and science is annihilated for him to whom an unlikeness, even so extreme as this, passes for total.

This philosophy may indeed be rendered unsound by giving to it an interpretation purely individualistic; and had one charged Parker with pushing it a little too much toward such interpretation, we might not feel called upon to contend against him. The eternal Gospel of God in the divine heart of man is not so published in every particular person as to be by its spontaneous and individual action sufficing. In many, it is almost wholly latent; in many, though active, it is obscure. Even its power responds in many only to symbols, and oftenest only to symbols which time has consecrated. In few does it flow steadily toward rational expression. In still fewer does it attain to historical importance. Undoubtedly the law of it, as an historical fact, is, that in the multitudes it is capable of no more than of *responding* to a master voice; that it must group itself around a centre in order to advance, and must have the advantage of social provocation in order to continue. But how were the grouping and the world-wide response possible, but for the unity of consciousness? One voice in Galilee; twenty centuries of Europe answering, "Yea, verily!" Is a fact like that to have no significance? Was it something, or nothing, that answered, Yea?

Parker was not a philosophical genius, but the blood of a profound philosophy ran in his veins. He was one of those concrete, steam-engine presentments of an Idea, with which

the spirit of history effects all her greater revolutions. He struck the key-note for the time. He struck little more than the key-note, — thrummed, thrummed at that, on his vast instrument, with monotonous, resounding persistence. The simplicity and limitation of the movement were distressing to some. "How meagre!" they cried. "How ill does it compare with our three-octave range!" "Range?" he answered; "yes, range enough; but with two key-notes instead of one! Quit your jarring falsettos; catch the key-note, and then sing in heaven's name!" Whereupon he brought down no light hand upon the true key; not forbearing sometimes to illustrate the discord he hated in tones that well might make Echo herself put her fingers in her ears.

Assuming, then, in opposition to the eighteenth century, that Revelation exists; assuming in opposition to the eighth century that this Revelation is no green-house exotic, but native to the pastures of the soul, indestructible, equal to the rigors of all climates; assuming that Jesus and Christianity are majestic testimonies to a universal economy; assuming that the soul itself is the first Bible, and inexhaustible, — he became the propagator of a philosophy which we venture to think not shallow; which represents an heroic energy of believing; and which gives to modern civilization the unity of basis for want of which it was ready to perish.

Of that philosophy, Parker's intellect was not the measure. He served it, he never gauged it; whether he could have gauged it is, at best, doubtful. For this work he had contemporaries abler than himself; he had no contemporary, and he has left no successor, of half his ability to stir and provoke the sense of it in the heart of multitudes. He could popularly methodize and apply more truth than he could justify in theory; and this is part of his fitness for his work. Applied truth answers to the thought of the people, speculative truth to that of the scholar and thinker. Hence it was that the people understood him when scholars and thinkers did not.

In applying his thought, he went only to plain and broad moralities. It belonged to the prose limitations, no less than to the gigantic moral energy of his mind, to rest in these. This, too, is part of his fitness for his position.

He had made a central affirmation: that made him cardinal in history. He saw and uttered this idea chiefly by plain moral applications: these made him intelligible and attractive to the people, — for it is characteristic of them that they can give moral reception to an idea which would knock at the doors of intellect in vain. He did not advance to high theoretic explanations, to delicate imaginative spiritualities: had he, his uses as a prophet of the people, above all in our practical and intense America, would at once have been forfeited.

He was a pioneer. Seeing the greater part of the modern world trying in some way to live in the temple at Jerusalem, five thousand miles and two thousand years away, and meanwhile really living in dens and tents of Atheism and Ishmaelism, he seized an axe, felled trees, hewed these to a rough square, and made a timber house. In this, of stones and clay, he built a chimney to carry off the smoke, and then said, "Do this, and dwell in the land that God hath given you." And some thought it blasphemous to talk of living elsewhere than in the temple at Jerusalem, five thousand miles and two thousand years away. And to such he said, "Behold, ye live there only by a John-Doe-and-Richard-Roe style of fiction, and in truth your homes are dens of political atheism and tents of commercial Ishmaelism; and lo, God hath called you to dwell *here* divinely, and I show you the fashion of a house." Of course, to many the words were exceeding sore. For there are many with whom it is the very underpinning of all orthodoxy to assert that God is less present and active on the earth now than formerly. This negation of his full revealing activity, now and universally, is with them the fundamental affirmation. And therefore to build Him a house out of mere "natural" American wood, — it was blasphemous.

Others objected on different grounds. They said, "This house of yours does not suffice for the imagination. We disdain to dwell *so*. You should send to Greece for Pentelie marble, and to Lebanon for cedars, and to Ophir for gold, and to Ethiopia for ivory, and to all the world for models of stately column, carved plinth, pictured pediment, and frescoed wall, and so should give to the people the model of a house upon which the ages *in secula seculorum* could not improve." And

Theodore Parker — the simple, sturdy, believing soul, who “cared more for a cattle-show than for a picture-show” — said, “Behold, I build this house of stout oaken American timbers of the moral law, and I teach men to do the same; and they shall dwell here also divinely; and here a spiritual culture — genuine and manly as that of old, and beneficent as the best heart and hope of modern time — shall be realized.”

Had he spent his strength in trying to persuade the people to send to Pentelicus for marble and to Lebanon for cedars, what had been the result? They would have praised him, perhaps. They would have said, “A pretty performer he.” And, so saying, they would have passed on to burrow in dens of modern political atheism, and to wander in tents of modern commercial Ishmaelism, and to say to each other on stated occasions, “What a blessed privilege to dwell in the temple at Jerusalem!” *

He was not a pretty performer. He was excessively deficient in a sense of artistic beauty, in respect for art and artists. He sneers at artists, unwisely, backwoodsman-wise. He is less akin to Phidias than to Daniel Boone. But then he built a modern house for the soul, a real house here and now. A rude edifice, in truth: we would be loath to think this the end of architecture. Call it a mere log hut, if you will. But observe withal that it is real, substantial, and habitable; and they who dwell therein, instead of cherishing the “duty” of fancying themselves under a Jew roof, can honestly thank God for real spiritual shelter, and can say out of the fulness of their hearts, “Behold, this is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”

He assumed, we have said, upon his central basis, little more than plain moralities and plain truths of the understanding. What gave these their sudden, overmastering attraction? What sent the huddling thousands to hear obvious moral truths? Are not ordinary ethics the dullest and driest, the least attractive to crowds, of all things? What is in them now,

* No right minded man will insist on finding in this symbolic statement a covert sneer at Christianity. Jesus declared that the temple should fall. Alas! it is still standing; but the prophecy is sure.

that they all at once thin the audiences at the circus and the theatre?

It is just this, that they have suddenly acquired a character of natural centrality and universality. As partial, as belonging only to "sacred" truth, they were finite only, — and finite moralities are fearfully fertile of yawnings. Make these, however, central and universal, give them the fascination of the infinite, and they become another matter quite. Parker did so; but how? By carrying them backward as a criticism upon the faith of the past, outward as a criticism upon the polity of the present, forward as a law of life. It was by this daring and unsparing application that he affirmed them. There are those who keenly relish the application to present action, but esteem the application to theological traditions a piece of blasphemy. The two applications are parts of one affirmation, — of the affirmation of morality as central and universal. If it must not apply to the ancient conception of Jehovah, then not to the modern action of Jefferson Davis. An augur-hole sinks a ship; an army is defeated by outflanking one of its wings; and had Parker allowed traditional belief to flank and turn one wing of his doctrine, the quality of it as central would have been lost, and any assertion of it which he *did* make would go for nothing. It is this, indeed, which everywhere makes the weakness of the popular pulpit, that its doctrines are a confessed partiality. A king is a king, or a pretender. Sovereign truths are universal, or *nothing*; and the moment that the prophet makes Jehovah secondary to Ahab, though but in the minutest particular, his vocation is gone, and his voice becomes an impertinent noise.

Parker *must* apply his doctrine alike to past and present, alike to belief and action, alike to church and state, or else must forfeit the total significance of his life. But the application of it to the living present became more and more the absorbing interest of his soul. "In his own country," says the English Churchman, Farrar, "he is chiefly known as a social reformer."

In this effort, again, to establish all modern life on a basis of sacred and universal truth, he is more and more confronted by one great enemy, African slavery in America. His con-

test with this became to him a symbol of the whole struggle. The dragon recognized its antagonist, and addressed itself to the battle, breathing out flame. The sequel all men know. All men know that our hero-priest gave not back from the encounter; that he advanced upon the advancing monster, and proved abundantly his weapon, whether or not it were of heavenly steel and temper. Life failed him at last; but courage, duty, and clearness of soul failed never: he died, and only by faith knew that he had conquered.

He had conquered. Inwardly and outwardly he was victor. Inwardly; for he had faithfully and intrepidly wrought according to his light, and had faithfully opened his eyes to all the light that came. Outwardly; for the spirit of the age wrought with him and continues his work. Happy the merchant who is a copartner with Destiny! He belongs to a firm that is somewhat older than the world, and which has never yet been known in any smallest degree to approach insolvency! Happy he whose divine tasks, even because they are divine, go on to accomplish themselves with growing prosperity, when the faithful hands that began them have become cold, and the heart that warmed these to their labor has hushed its beat to hear the coming footfall of the angels!

In connection with his warfare against slavery it should be said that Mr. Weiss errs in supposing him ignorant of John Brown's plans. He was not ignorant. We have information from one, perhaps the only one, who *knows*. He conferred with Brown, and the designs which the brave old man sought to execute were jointly matured between them. Why not? If peace can be had, accursed be he that hinders. But what if peace cannot be had? What if the seemings of peace are only wombs, in which death and hell are matured? He is a murderer who needlessly causes the shedding of blood; what is he who centuples bloodshed by cowardly reluctance to recognize an indubitable fact as fact?

We were of those who regretted Brown's attempt, while honoring his life. Parker was wiser. He had more both of practical penetration and of acquaintance with the facts. He saw with clear sight, and knew with sure knowledge, that the struggle must come, and that the sooner it came, the better

for the North and for humanity. He dreaded nothing so much as the delay which would put too many Floyd and Buchanan bloodsuckers upon the veins of Northern strength, and deplete disastrously its means, both moral and material, of maintaining the contest. We thought otherwise then ; we believed the controversy could be brought to a peaceable, yet sensible termination. Our thoughts were folly : events have dishonored them ; events have vindicated the stern prognostic, and therefore the stern action, of this prophet-priest.

And has the nation considered — has it half considered — what it owes to him and those who wrought with him ? “ He precipitated the contest,” cry Cox and Wood. *He did!* It is for that very act that the nation is indebted to him. What if the North had been but a *little* more weakened ? The plot to weaken it was proceeding fast, — to weaken it by division, destruction of its faith in freedom and in itself. What if the plot had proceeded but a little farther ? Is not our struggle hard enough, our soil red, our skies smoky and lurid enough, even now ? We esteem it beyond question that, but for the moral preparation of the people and the quicker ripening of the contest, which Parker aided powerfully to effect, a war would have ultimately fallen upon the nation of which our present woe furnishes hardly a suggestion.

Here, then, was truly the travail of a great soul. Our common humanity is honored by the spectacle of such duty, such disinterestedness, such bounty of nature. On what project of selfish advantage did ever this man expend any considerable thought ? Here was incredible engagement of mind, here was sleepless labor, here was a burning of the oil of life which consumed more than two years in one. For whom ? For what ? For himself ? For money, for place, for fame ? He earned money but to expend it for others ; so far from seeking a place, he sacrificed his social estimation ; he pushed aside the labor which would give him the only fame he valued, and wore out his life in obscure lecture-rooms. What man ever elected more simply and wholly to make the burdens of humanity his own ? Who has lived more for ends of general good ? Who has more entirely forgotten to seek private advantage in his absorbing devotion to public benefit ? Like a great river his life rolls,

draining off the marshes and stagnancies of his century, converting what else would have been infection and impoverishment into wholesomeness, service, and beauty, and ending, not in itself, but in the common sea of man's good.

The impression of his moral self-forgetfulness is enhanced by the slight contrast of that touch of intellectual self-consciousness which belonged to him. Something French it seems. "Tend this head well," says Mirabeau, on his death-bed; "it is the greatest head in France." "God gave me great powers," says the dying Parker, "and I have but half used them." The same self-consciousness: in all else what difference! This child-colossus recognizes his powers but to devote them,—recognizes them only to confess that they are not his, but Heaven's.

Love and Duty, that are deepest in him, come forth to glorify his last hours. Love and Duty, ever secretly throned in his soul, put openly on in these hours the crown and assume the sceptre of their royalty, and shake down their imperial purples as curtains about the couch of the dying hero. That babbling, when his mind wandered, of his work and of old friends whom he imagined near,—is it not the coo and prattle of the baby-angel that is already born in his bosom? Dutiful, dutiful and loving, even in his delirium! Therein spoke the Theodore Parker that the world knew ill, but God knew well. These fancies are the spent billows of his spirit, of that great inner ocean of love, falling afar, and murmuring in dying ripples on the earth-shores that soon they will reach no longer. Truly, ice and marble are warmer than tears, and softer than baby lips, compared with the hearts of those who, in coldness and hardness, muttering anathemas, can stand by his bed when, all unaware, he betrays the hidden tenderness and truth of his soul.

To the world a warrior, iron in armor and terrible in fury of battle, he was to those who knew and understood him the tenderest and devoutest of souls. But his was a soul in travail, wrought upon by the anguish and expectation of its hour.

But interest in him as a man, warm as it may be, yields to respect for him as a force in history. He was a cardinal worker. Vast doors into the believing, and, as we trust, blessed

future, were opening upon him ; he bore the burden of the time's inheritance and expectation even more than that of its sorrow. Vast doors opened upon him ; and he is surely not best understood by those who only heard the creak of the hinge under the weight it supported, while they neither discerned the moving gate, nor found in their hearts any hope which looked for the new worlds of faith and freedom that lay beyond.

ART. II. — THE NEW KING OF GREECE.

1. *The Daily News* (London) for January 6th, 1863 : Art. entitled, "*Memoir of the Municipal Institutions, and on the Causes of the Rude Condition of Agriculture in Greece*," by GEORGE FINLAY.
2. *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Livraisons du 1^{er} Janvier et du 15 Mars, 1864. Art. *La Grèce depuis la Revolution de 1862*, par M. F. LENORMANT.

AT midnight on the 29th of October, 1863, the Greek steamer *Hellas*, attended by an English, a French, and a Russian ship-of-war, dropped anchor in the harbor of the Peiræus. The next morning a barge put off from it, bearing to the shore a bright-faced youth, in the uniform of a Greek admiral. And there went up to the skies from the multitude assembled from all parts of the land a shout of welcome, so general and so hearty that he who heard it might indeed fancy that a deliverer had at length come for Greece, given over for so many centuries to foreign bondage, and in the last years to domestic discord. From the Peiræus, along the road where passed once the heroes of so many brilliant conflicts, by land and by sea, they went in vast procession, amid the waving of banners and the flashing of bayonets, up to their ancient city to crown the second King of Greece. But there were those present who called to mind how, thirty years before, a German prince, young, like this one of Denmark, had landed at Nauplia surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers glittering with decorations and crosses, while the cannon thundered peals of welcome and the music of French bands made every heart throb

quicker. And they shook their heads as they reflected how "Otho, by the grace of God king of Greece," had become as a blight to the land from which he had at last been banished in the tumult and terror of revolution. But the people had no such disturbing thoughts. From every window fluttered banners, in every balcony at night glittered lamps among the flowers. As an eyewitness writes, you could distinguish no single sound, but only one heavy ceaseless roar of voices filled the air.

And how, when the king entered the metropolitan church, he refused to ascend the throne set for him there, saying that before God all men are equal, nor would permit the Greek standard, on which was the Greek cross, to be lowered before him, — how he dismissed the *gens d'armes* of the palace, saying that the love of his people was the best body-guard of a king, nor would he call himself king by the grace of God, but rather would deserve the kingdom of men, — of these things and many more the chroniclers make grateful record. But for us they may have little interest, except as they call our attention once more to the condition and prospects of Greece, to which no cultivated person, remembering the early service it rendered to the civilization of Europe, and the marvellous vitality of its language and its people, can ever be indifferent.

One hundred and forty-six years before Christ, Greece fell under the bondage of Rome; and for more than twenty centuries the land which had given to the world its noblest works in literature and its highest ideals in art, languished under foreign domination. But the spell was at last broken; the freer spirit of the modern age quickened the Greeks to resistance, and sustained them in revolution. After fearful struggles and a war of extermination, the yoke of the Turk was broken; the sympathies of Europe were excited, and England and France and Russia joined to recognize and assure its independence. But the war of the revolution had produced no great leaders and developed no national unity. The country was left in a state of prostration and of anarchy which, after a trial of the Presidency and the despotism of Capodistrias, it was glad to exchange for the more enlightened administration of a Bavarian prince, selected by the protect-

ing Powers. But never were the hopes of a rising people, proud of success and eager for progress, more cruelly deceived than by the king into whose hands the Greeks were now delivered. Ignorant of everything but the traditions of despotic governments and the corruption of frivolous courts, he could neither understand the character of the people nor appreciate the necessities of their condition. If the very purpose of his selection, indeed, had been to obstruct the progress or to paralyze the career of Greece, no man could have been found for the task more ingenious or more cruel. For ten years King Otho ruled with absolute power, and so utterly regardless was he of the liberties he had sworn to protect; that the foreign domination of Greece, so long and so calamitous, cannot be considered as having ceased till in 1843 a constitution was extracted from him at the peril of his crown. But, untaught by experience and deaf to admonition, he fell back upon his old habits of tyranny and misrule, and the result was his deposition in October, 1862. After a year of confusion, accompanied by bloody outbreaks in the streets of Athens between the factions that were struggling for the possession of the government, England took upon itself to provide a successor to the throne in place of Prince Alfred, whom the Greeks had so unanimously chosen. Animated also by a more liberal spirit, or, as is more probable, vaguely conscious at last of the long mistake of its Eastern policy, England took the world by surprise in the following December, by an offer under certain conditions to cede the Ionian Islands to Greece. The cession was thereupon made a condition by Denmark of the acceptance of the throne by Prince William, the brother, as is well known, of the Princess of Wales. But as it had been declared by the treaty of Vienna that the Ionian Islands should form an independent state, under the protectorate of Great Britain, it was not possible for England to cede them to any other power without the consent of the parties to that treaty. Conferences were therefore held, and it has been agreed that the Islands should be ceded upon the condition, insisted upon as indispensable by Austria, that the fortifications of Corfu should be demolished;—a condition which is loudly decried by the Ionians and the Greeks, as unjust

and ruinous. But England maintained that such was the undertaking with Greece when the offer of cession was made, and there seems to be no alternative. They are fortifications of great strength, constructed by the British government since 1829, at a cost of at least a million of pounds sterling, — about one fifth of which, however, was defrayed by the Islands themselves. So bitter and widespread was the opposition among the lower classes of the Ionians, that, according to a recent account, the patron saint of Corfu, St. Spiridion, was represented by the priests as having gone to England on the eve of his anniversary to remonstrate upon the subject with Queen Victoria. But the interference of saints in political arrangements is not much regarded; the demolition has already begun, and the fortifications at Vido, which it was at first proposed to make practice at with Armstrong guns, are to be blown up with Voltaic batteries.

The cession of the Ionian Islands was debated at length in the English Parliament; and there was considerable division of opinion. The step was opposed by the Earl of Derby, as also by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, — so long Ambassador at Constantinople, and perhaps the greatest authority in England upon questions of Eastern policy. The chief reasons alleged in favor of it by Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston were the expense of keeping up a government of so little benefit to England, and the great number of troops, from fifty to sixty thousand, — with the consequent drain upon the resources of the country, — which it would be necessary in case of war to send to garrison Corfu; that it would be better for England to have but one station in the Mediterranean, in which her strength could be concentrated. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's objection went further. By ceding Corfu, you opened, he said, the flank of the Turkish empire, and exposed it to invasion on the side of Epirus. Moreover, the Ionian Islands have been so long separate states — Corfu for nearly four centuries in possession of Venice, of which it had adopted the manners and the laws, almost everything but its religion — that it will be impossible to form them into one homogeneous state. The diplomatist who first framed the scheme of the government of Greece has indeed a right to be heeded when he says that

Greece has failed to justify the confidence reposed in her by Europe thirty years ago.

But the doubts and the passions of thirty years have darkened, even to his eyes, the bright light in which, at her first coming out of that long night of slavery, Greece broke upon the world. The restless ambition of France and the steady aggression of Russia have increased the apprehensions with which England looks upon the breaking up of the power of the Porte. That there was a time when, in some confused way, the tie of religion bound the Greeks and the Slaves to the interests of one church and one party, will not be denied. But the nationality of the Greeks has been developed by their freedom. If they dream of a restored Byzantium and a new empire of the Orthodox, it is because the consciousness of a loftier destiny fills them now, as it did of old their ancestors when at Marathon they drove back the hosts of the East and saved Europe from the lethargy of Asia. It is true, indeed, that nationality is of little influence in the East compared with religion. The Mohammedans are made up of many races, but into them all enters the fire of that inextinguishable fanaticism which separates Islam, as by a burning wall, from all other creeds. But the Greeks, on the confines between the West and the East, partake of the permanence of the one, while they aspire to the progress of the other. The Greek element in the East, always active, is breaking forth with renewed vigor. And of this fact, as of its vast significance, England is fast becoming conscious.

It is only the lamentable failure of the Greek government in the generation which has elapsed since its establishment, that has prevented the English from seeing that in Greece redeemed, strengthened, civilized, and great is to be found the best safeguard of England and the West against Russia and the North. But that failure was to have been foreseen with ease and expected with certainty. The creation of conflicting interests and diplomatic necessities, the Greek kingdom has never been anything more than a shadow. It comprises but a fraction of ancient Greece and of the modern Greeks. Thessaly and Epirus, Rhodes and Crete, and many of the most fertile islands of the *Ægean*, still droop under the crescent. The

desolation which has come of Mohammedan tyranny and Turkish sloth still broods over large parts of what was once known and was once famous as Greece. No wonder that, stimulated by the cession of the Ionian Islands, they should already discuss in the Ionian Parliament the practicability of obtaining Epirus and Thessaly, in which latter province the inhabitants are almost all Greeks. The country is poor, and the inhabitants, when they emerged from the darkness of Oriental bondage, were not more than half civilized. There has been no temptation held out to Greeks to settle in the country, or to Greek capital to employ itself in useful works. Oppressed by a tyrannical government, the only aim of which was to centralize the power it abused, the pride of communities was extinguished, and agriculture decayed; and while the best talent of the country remained unemployed, its resources were squandered on an army which was wholly useless, and upon a court which was wholly contemptible.

In a recent memoir upon the present state of the country, Mr. Finlay — whose masterly History of Greece during the long period of its foreign domination we have already reviewed in these pages — has pointed out very clearly the true cause of its stationary condition. It is to be found in the centralizing tendencies of the government, and in the maintenance of the Turkish land-tax. It was the constant aim of the Bavarian government to take the control of local affairs into its own hands. The country was divided into districts (demarchies), without reference to the existence of towns or cities, and the officials of each district were appointed by the central government. Thus the funds of each district, which should have been appropriated to local improvements, were diverted to the maintenance of favorites in the country and of partisans at court. Even the roads which the Turks had made through marshes were suffered to go to ruin. There is no municipal system in Greece except in name.

And this exhaustive despotism is made more oppressive by the tax which is levied upon the fruits of the earth, — a tax, however, which is quite remarkable as being intolerable, not from its amount, but from the manner of its collection. It is a relic of Turkish legislation, fostered with singular

care by the Bavarian government. It is a tenth of the gross produce of the earth, and, if payable immediately upon the collection of the crop, would be a comparatively light burden. But, according to the Oriental system, a tenth of the labor of the peasant is also exacted until the crop is sold. For several months, therefore, the peasant is but the serf of the collector. As the government cannot collect the tax by its own officers, it is farmed, — the farmer fixing the time for reaping the crop and for preparing it for market. From the time the harvest approaches, the farmer of the revenue is the absolute owner of the crop. The peasant cannot put the sickle to his grain without permission from the farmer, nor thresh it when it is gathered without a second permission. Moreover, in order to take advantage of the high prices which prevail late in the summer, the farmer seeks to get his own part of the crop to market first, and for that purpose monopolizes the labor and the time of the peasant at the most important season of the year, without regard to the distance the latter may have to convey it for him. Under this burdensome system the peasant becomes a knave, and agriculture does not prosper. The vast extent of uncultivated arable land in Greece shows how it has declined there, as it is found to decline throughout the whole region which extends from the Adriatic to the Indus. This tax in Greece yields about six millions of drachmas (the drachma is about seventeen cents of our money), and is rather more than a quarter part of the total revenue of the country, — being, indeed, just the amount which the army is estimated to cost. Greece has a population of a million, and the army numbers from eight to twelve thousand men. But whatever may be the importance of the army, in view of the fact that the security of the kingdom is guaranteed by the Great Powers, it is obvious that nothing but the total abolition of the land-tax will save the country from the ruin to which it is hastening.

Of the ultimate predominance of the Greeks in the East there can be no reasonable doubt. But whether in attempting to form a consolidated government they will be successful, is a different and more difficult question. In ancient times there was the same fatal tendency to faction and division which has already manifested itself in a smaller way in the modern king-

dom. There was never a united and homogeneous Greece. The Achaian League was but a confederacy of independent towns. Yet from Cyrene to the Halys, — all along the shores of the Mediterranean and the Ægean Seas, — in Italy and Asia Minor, — from the earliest to the latest period, one finds the Greek colonies and the Greek art. It is the same in modern times. In every part of the Levant, from Alexandria to Constantinople, — as on the Black Sea from Odessa round to Trebizond, — the Greek element is the vital force in society. The Greek of the age of Otho may not equal in character or genius the Greek of the age of Pericles, yet it cannot be denied that many of the characteristics of the ancient reappear in the modern Greeks. They are the same restless, subtle race, given to disputation and to commerce, averse to labor, yet eager for progress, often dishonest and always vain, yet frugal and cheerful, and, for the most part, chaste. The altered relations and the better ideal which characterize modern society may, however, make the task of national unity easier and more definite. And, moreover, the Greeks are not now what they once were, — the teachers and the leaders of Europe. Their inheritance has become ours; yet, in an humbler way, in a more limited sphere, the service they are to render is substantially the same, — to renovate and to restore the East, — to beat back the waves of barbarism which, arid and dreary, like the deserts over which they sweep, threaten to surge up to the thresholds of the West.

But it is ever to be remembered that political forms are but means, not ends. It is not a great empire, but a great people, the world will honor. It is by the development of their resources, and the moderation of their desires, and the steadiness of their efforts, that the Greeks will create a country which is something more than a mockery of the name of Greece. Premature ambition begets only personal corruption and national debasement. The Greeks have a right, indeed, to long for an extension of their boundaries and an increase of their power, but at the same time they are bound to prove that the Greek rayah of the Sultan would be better, and not worse, under the rule of George I.

The vitality of the Greek race is a phenomenon in human history. It is the oldest European race now surviving; and it

is the only race which has ever exhibited so marvellous and so sublime a spectacle as that of a nation consciously striving, after twenty centuries of degradation, to ascend to its former level, and to reconstruct its modern language upon the model of the ancient. It is idle, of course, to attempt to predict the results which these efforts may be destined to attain. That some great change, however, is impending in the condition of Eastern Europe, can hardly be doubted. No one can have traversed any part of the Ottoman empire without observing signs of inevitable dissolution. In spite of the repeated declarations of Lord Palmerston, that no nation has made so great progress in the last thirty or forty years as the Turkish, careful observers have not failed to detect all the causes of social disintegration at work rapidly and surely throughout the whole extent of European Turkey. The vast and fertile tracts of land which lie along the Danube, in what are called the Principalities, will sooner or later shake off the blighting power of the Turk. The Roumans — direct descendants, as Edgar Quinet so conclusively proves from their language, of the Roman colonists of the first and second centuries — would long ago have had the aid of the West to advance to the position which their intelligence and activity and vigor deserve, if the hostility between the Greek and Roman Churches had not cut them off from the sympathies of Catholic Europe. And it is in these countries that the first battles will probably be fought between the Christian nations and the Mohammedan races for the possession of the East. Already the preponderance of numbers is with the former. Constantinople and Smyrna might easily become Greek cities in name, as they are in great part in fact, if behind them both, in the great spaces of the Orient, there were not encamped those fierce hordes of barbarians who, at the first signal of danger to the religion of the Prophet, would pour down to the seaboard in one overwhelming mass. For, in spite of the decay which is certainly overtaking it, there is still left in the Ottoman empire a degree of strength which it is dangerous to provoke.

Again and again has Russia put its foot on Turkish soil, and again and again has it been driven back discomfited, but not despairing. Confined within the frozen regions of the North, with no outlet for its commerce except through harbors which

are closed for half the year with ice, it is the burning desire, the fixed purpose of Russia, to put itself in territorial contact with Western Europe. For it is by that means alone that its internal resources can be developed, its real greatness achieved. Enthroned upon two continents, at the gateway of the Euxine, Constantinople is the grandest prize to tempt its ambition and assure its success. No traveller, whether coming from the East or the West, as he rounds Seraglio Point and drops anchor in the Golden Horn, can have failed to be impressed at first sight with the imperial position and the magnificent spectacle of Constantinople. Then, as never before, he will understand why it is that the nations dispute its possession and dread its fall. A terrible shock, indeed, will be given to the colossal fabric of English power, as to the ambitious empire of France, when Constantinople passes from the Sultan to the Czar.

But there is another solution of the problem which may well attract attention, though at present little can be affirmed of it with certainty. It is the gradual decay of Islamism, the weakening of the chain which binds the souls of the Turks in fetters worse than iron. The Christian missionaries, whose influence has been so active and so healthful in Turkey, entertain, many of them, sanguine expectations of such a result. But farsighted, cautious men, who have given their lives to investigate the condition of Eastern society and the character of the Oriental mind, deny altogether its possibility. The Mohammedan is a deist, and a deist is the last man in the world to change his religion. To us, as we have said, the true solution seems to lie in the education of the Greek race, in the building up of a Greek nation. The reform which the Greek language has undergone in the last thirty years would alone indicate a singular capacity for progress. And all the phenomena of the later history of the Greeks—so striking and upon any other theory so mysterious—point to a destiny as yet unachieved. If they would but abandon the impracticable plans and the premature projects with which they have been so busy,—if, under the leadership of an enlightened king and a patriotic assembly, they would study to promote the welfare of the people and to guard the dignity of the kingdom,—there would be little doubt as to the share which Greece is to take in the civilization of the East, and in the general progress of the world.

ART. III. — ROBERT BROWNING.

1. *Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve and Easter Day.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.
2. *Poems by ROBERT BROWNING.* A New Edition. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.
3. *Men and Women.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.
4. *The Atlantic Monthly.* Numbers 79 and 80. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

THERE are few poems, at least in our familiar English speech, that so much tempt and repay study, as those of Robert Browning. The most superficial reader may find, scattered freely over his pages, passages of the most exquisite beauty and of the grandest strength; but by the side of these he will be very apt to find those that are not free from harshness or obscurity. Obscurity, except in a riddle-book, is always a fault; but when it is united with strength, and when it is not the result of affectation, it is a pardonable fault. If we may judge by the "*Sordello*," and by the pains which the author professes to have taken to make it commonly intelligible, it would seem that the instinct of clear expression, of perfect external form, was not natural to Browning. To this lack is to be added the fact, that to those unfamiliar with it dramatic poetry is less easily read than any other. Especially is this the case when there is given only a fragment of a drama, a soliloquy to which the reader is to add all the surroundings, plot, and characters. Yet when all of this is taken into the account, there remains the question, whether there are not at the heart of these poems certain elements not wholly in harmony, which may account in some degree for the presence of the occasional harshness and obscurity just spoken of, by the side of so much power and beauty.

In dramatic poems the author is hidden. Only once in his collected poems does Robert Browning break through this reserve, or appear in his own person. From the words put into the mouths of the characters, it is hardly fair to argue back to the author. Yet few writers have such purely objective and

all-embracing genius as to permit the laws and the movements of the world to be represented indiscriminately by it. Most such writers, especially those who are possessed of any good degree of moral earnestness, are apt to seize upon one particular aspect of life, or to represent things more or less in their relation to this. It is our object in this article to trace, if we can, this central spirit and life in the poems of Robert Browning. We may thus be able to contemplate them in some measure as a whole, and if we cannot argue from this, with absolute confidence, to the spirit of the writer, we may yet be able to see how these poems thereby take root in the present age, — how the spirit of the age utters itself in them.

We will say beforehand, that our examination of these poems will be, as befits our space and our object, special, and not general. We shall for the most part take for granted the genius that is in them, which could alone have prompted to this investigation, and confine ourselves to the object just stated.

"Sordello," which was one of the earliest published poems of Robert Browning, is in some respects one of the most marked. It is by far the most obscure, to some it is the only obscure poem in the volumes. At the same time, it contains the utmost profusion of the beauties in which the writings of Browning abound; and by the predominance of the critical element in it, and also by the fulness of its development, it forms the fittest introduction to all the rest.

We will illustrate this, by seizing two or three marked points in the course of the poem. It is the history of a spirit that was never fully at one with itself. It is thus a story of discord and disappointment, of final harmony reached only at the cost of life. Sordello lives at first alone, in the midst of a beautiful nature. Here he constructs ideally his own world. He dreams himself to be, as it were, a god. Nature and man figure in his dream according to his fancy, himself being always supreme. It is the vision of youth, that has had as yet no contact with the real world. Soon, however, the satisfaction that there was in this visionary life is lost. He awakes, and lo! it was a dream. He longs for reality. In the second marked epoch of the story, we find him in the world, in the midst of camp and court, filling the place of a minstrel.

The analysis in this part of the poem is wonderful. Sordello fails because he is larger than his work. The man and the poet separate. Now and then, in a fit of inspiration, he accomplishes a miracle of art, but his intellect mingles too obtrusively in the business. His heart and his intellect are not at one. The intellect refines the language, smooths the lines, but the great life of the heart cannot pour itself through this artificial channel. Moreover, at the best, his heart cannot content itself with a song, as its expression. Everywhere you find indications that the life of the poet is not in the poem. Thus, while far inferior spirits make the sweetest music, in the poems of Sordello there is always a discord, which shows that the life of the heart and the form of the intellect are at variance. He gives up the work, and flees from it, back to his wilderness.

In the next marked epoch of the story, we find Sordello in the midst of sterner realities. He is brought into the thick of the strife of Guelf and Ghibelline. The cause of the Guelf he takes to be that of the oppressed people, and sides with it. He makes to the Ghibelline leader, with whom he finds himself brought into contact, a most impressive plea for them. The Ghibelline noble listens, approves his eloquence, smiles at his earnestness, and finally divulges the fact, that Sordello is his son, and gives him the badge which shall mark him to be the heir of his nobility and of his cause.

Left to himself, Sordello is dragged to and fro by opposite counsels. His heart prompts him to reject the offered prize, to be true to the cause of the people at whatever cost; yet his intellect responds with bewildering sophistry. On the one side, it paints the little, the almost nothing, that he, or any individual, can do to hurry onward the great evolution of History; and on the other side, the absolute and irretrievable loss which the sacrifice would bring to himself. The whole passage is in that species of sophistical reasoning which we find in "Bishop Blowgram's apology," and of which Browning is a consummate master. We tremble for Sordello. Will his heart be able to answer this reasoning, — to extricate itself from the folds of this subtle casuistry? Whether the heart answered or not, we cannot say. We only know that it

triumphed. When his friends return, they find Sordello sitting, with the badge of his nobility under his foot, dead.

"They mount, have reached the threshold, dash the veil
Aside, — and you divine who sat there dead,
Under his foot the badge; yet, Palma said,
A triumph lingering in the wide eyes,
Wider than some spent swimmer, if he spies
Help from above, in his extreme despair,
And head far back on shoulder thrust, turns there,
With short, quick, passionate cry."

The story is thus of one who might have been much, but was outwardly nothing, because the heart and the brain were not in harmony. Sordello was a kind of Hamlet. The longing was intense, the thought was discursive. Thus the power of the heart wasted itself, as the burden of a surcharged thunder-cloud that is hovering over some populous city escapes through thousands of rods and spires, instead of gathering itself for one mighty stroke; only there is this difference, — the heart of Sordello felt that it was made for *the stroke*.

In the "Christmas Eve" we have passed out from the wilderness of the "Sordello"; a wilderness full of sweets and of magnificence, but where we have to force our way through the tangle, and rather make than find our path. In the "Christmas Eve" all is clear before us. But we find only more distinctly, and in vaster presentation, the same antagonism, the shock of which shattered the earthly life of Sordello. In the body of this poem, we have two grand pictures set over against each other. One is a description of the Christmas worship at St. Peter's, a passage that, better than anything we know, might take the place of a journey to Rome, so palpitating is it with the very thrill and ecstasy of worship. The other is an almost equally striking picture of a scene in a lecture-room in a German university. The first of these is represented as the worship of love.

"Their Faith's heart beats, though her head swims
Too giddily to guide her limbs."

The other is the worship of pure intellect with only

"the lurking drop of blood that lies
In the desiccated brain's white roots."

Christ, borne upon the flowing folds of whose garment the narrator had visited these opposite forms, finds something to approve in each; but the poet, rightly enough desiring a method of worship in which intellect and heart shall be alike present, rather arbitrarily selects that of "Mount Zion," a little chapel of which he had already given us a ludicrous picture, in the Dutch style, and where he derived spiritual benefit, it is true, but only while he was asleep, dreaming the visions just referred to. Whatever one may think of his choice, or of the manner of it, the main point for us, in our present investigation, is, that the heart and the head were at variance, and their strife silenced, rather than satisfied, by the sudden decision last mentioned.

The "Easter Day" begins with the exclamation,

"How very hard it is to be
A Christian!"

The discussion that supports this assertion we need not analyze. It is the same kind of intellectual wrestling with the spiritual instinct, in which we have already remarked the subtle power of Browning. The striking element of the poem is the judgment scene, which paints the penalty of failure in the Christian life. This portrayal many of our theologians might study with profit. The individual finds himself alone in the presence of the sublime pomp of the judgment. He is found to have chosen the world; and his penalty is, that he has what he has chosen, that is, the world empty of all higher life. Then follows the masterly analysis of the worthlessness of the best which the world possesses after the spiritual life has been taken out of it. This conception of the judgment reminds one of that of Ary Scheffer, in his "Christus Redemptor," in which we see Sloth sleeping and Avarice counting its treasure, not knowing that they are already condemned, — gathered already among those at the left hand of the Judge.

The contrast between the head and the heart, which we have found to lie at the root of the poems we have thus far examined, very naturally assumes a dramatic, and even a tragic form. Thus, when we approach the dramatic poems of Browning, we are not surprised to find the chief actors embodying the opposite elements of this antagonism. This is very marked

in the "Paracelsus." The hero of this poem sought to solve the mystery of the universe by pure knowledge. He is aroused from his fruitless dream by coming in contact with the poet Aprile, who has sought to compass the same object through the heart only. Paracelsus says to him :

"I too have sought to KNOW as thou to LOVE, —
Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I power. We wake :
What penance canst devise for both of us ?"

The capitals, which are the author's, show that the contrast between knowledge and love lies at the very centre and heart of the poem.

In the "Pippa Passes" we have the pure, innocent, and loving heart, embodied in the simple maiden, who, looking over the world, sees only love, where we are about to see the most terrible tragedies, and who goes forth, with only her artless song of faith, and changes the course of all those fearful histories, of which she knows and dreams nothing. The simple song of trust, —

"God's in his Heaven, —
All's right with the world !" —

has power to transform, for a moment, the most polluted soul, and check it in the turning moment of its life. Here we have the heart, free and glad, unconsciously entering upon the dominion of the world. The poem is full of tragic power. It is a condensation of tragedies. Each act is as if a fifth act. Yet for a moment the tragic collision between the heart and the intellect has ceased. Love alone moves through these scenes of strife, unconscious, unstained and undisturbed, yet controlling all.

In the "King Victor and King Charles" we meet the old struggle. Victor is the king of craft. Charles the king of simple, straightforward honesty and right. King Victor says to Charles :

"You are now the king ; you'll comprehend
Much you may oft have wondered at, — the shifts,
Dissimulation, willingness I showed."

But Charles answers :

"No ! straight on shall I go,
Truth helping ; win with it or die with it."

In another part of the dialogue, the same contrast is even more strongly emphasized. In this play craft gives way to honesty. The head resigns in favor of the heart, which thus is openly and consciously crowned.

In the "Colombe's Birthday," the sweetest, though by no means the strongest, of the plays of Browning, the heart, which we have just seen crowned, abdicates its kingdom. Colombe,—

" Our play-queen
For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,
We'd pour our veins forth to enrich the soil," —

for the love of love, leaves her throne and the grander honors that were promised her. She resists the specious arguments that would prove to her, that respect and honor and wealth and royalty can take the place of love, and fill the void that it has left. Thus she goes forth with love only, happier in her banishment than she had been on her throne.

In the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," the heart is pierced and slain. Love, innocent and ignorant, becomes entangled with the cold maxims of the world. Silent, unwilling to defend itself, unable to utter a word of excuse or palliation, it meets the harsh judgment, which is a prejudgment. Its stern and pitiless sentence is death.

These five plays, which we have taken as they are at present grouped, stand thus connected, as the five acts of a grand and solemn tragedy. Persons, scenes, interests, events, are different, but the real actors are in all the same. The heart and the intellect are at strife. At first we see them simply one over against the other. Then we see the heart unconsciously entering upon its supremacy. Then we see it openly crowned; then an outcast and a wanderer from its kingdom, and at last pitilessly slain. We do not say that the poet consciously brought them into this relation. We can only say that the relation exists; and if it was effected without conscious purpose, it only shows more strongly how deep a hold this tragic relation must have taken on the mind of the poet, that it should thus embody itself in such varied, complete, and exhaustive forms.

In the three remaining plays, we meet the same collision, only, if possible, in a sharper antagonism. We return more

nearly to the thought in "Sordello." We have the two forces at variance in the same individual, their resolved antagonism ending only in his death. In the "Return of the Druses" and "Luria," we have an Oriental heart, seeking to become united with the intellect of the Occident. The spontaneous instincts of the soul, not content with their own simple ways, seek to clothe themselves with the wisdom and the arts of the West. The struggle is a failure, and the violent strife has only a fatal termination. In the "Return of the Druses," Djabal exclaims to Anael :

"And was it thou that betrayedst me? 'T is well;
I have deserved this of thee, and submit;
Nor 't is much evil thou inflicttest; life
Ends here. The cedars shall not wave for us —
For there was crime, and must be punishment.
See fate! By thee I was seduced — by thee
I perish — yet do I, can I repent?
I, with my Arab instinct, thwarted ever
By my Frank policy, — and, within torn,
My Frank brain, thwarted by my Arab heart —
While these remained in equipoise, I lived
— Nothing; had either been predominant,
As a Frank schemer or an Arab mystic,
I had been something; — now, each has destroyed
The other — and behold, from out their crash,
A third and better nature rises up —
My mere man's-nature! And I yield to it —
I love thee — I — who did not love before!"

And Luria exclaims, in the play that bears his name :

"My own East!
How nearer God we were! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours!
We feel Him, nor by painful reason know!
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt there; *Now* it is, as it was *Then*;
All changes at His instantaneous will,
Not by the operation of a law,
Whose maker is elsewhere at other work!
His soul is still engaged upon his world —
Man's praise can forward it, man's prayers suspend,
For is not God all-mighty? To recast
The world, erase old things and make them new,
What costs it Him? So man breathes nobly there!

And inasmuch as Feeling, the East's gift,
 Is quick and transient — comes, and lo, is gone —
 While Northern Thought is slow and durable,
 Oh, what a mission was reserved for me,
 Who, born with a perception of the power
 And use of the North's thought for us of the East,
 Should have stayed there, and turned it to account,
 Giving Thought's character and permanence
 To the too-transitory Feelings there —
 Writing God's messages in mortal words!
 Instead of which I leave my fated field
 For this, where such a task is needed least,
 Where all are born consummate in the art
 I just perceive a chance of making mine, —
 And then, deserting thus my early poet,
 I wonder that the men I come among
 Mistake me! There, how all had understood,
 Still brought fresh stuff for me to stamp and keep,
 Fresh instincts to translate them into law!

Luria thus attempted to make the instincts of his heart subservient to the intellect of the West, as Djabal, in the "Return of the Druses," attempted to make the cunning of the West the instrument of the inspiration of his heart. The first ill-effect of the failure of Luria was that these instincts became deadened. When Husain, his Moorish companion, suspects deceit and peril, Luria says of him:

"He keeps his instincts, no new culture mars
 Their perfect use in him; just so the brutes
 Rest not, are anxious without visible cause,
 When change is in the elements at work,
 Which man's trained senses fail to apprehend.
 But here, — he takes the distant chariot-wheels
 For thunder, festal fire for lightning's flash,
 The finer traits of cultivated life
 For treachery and malevolence; I see!"

Yet Husain was right. It was the insight of Luria that was at fault, and afterward, seeing his mistake, and feeling already its penalty, he was forced to exclaim:

"I, born a Moor, lived half a Florentine;
 But, punished properly, can die a Moor."

"A Soul's Tragedy," the next and last of the dramas, explains itself by its own title. There is the same skilful cas-

uistry that we meet so often ; only, here it is the soul, and not the body, that perishes.

We have thus met, at every step, the same antagonism that we found in the "Sordello." We have, as far as we have gone, taken the poems in the succession of their present arrangement, and have omitted only the "Strafford," an early poem, which, though it is not without power, can hardly claim a place among the marked products of the genius of Browning. We have found everywhere the divergence between the heart and the intellect, sometimes taking the form of fruitless attempts at reconciliation, sometimes of open and fatal strife. The question now meets us, Is there in the poems of Browning anything to counterbalance the tragic result we have been contemplating? He has given us, in perfect and even sublime delineation, the conflict. Does he anywhere give us, in equally clear utterance, the solution and the victory? This word is spoken in the poem called "Saul." The song of the shepherd minstrel, his soul fresh from nature, as his harp-strings were kept cool and fresh through the noonday heat by the lilies, "still living and blue," that were twined about them, goes up with cheerful faith, and speaks the truth, which all the tragic struggles we have just contemplated could not compass. This truth, reached through the life of nature in its beauty and the life of man in its glory, is simply that the heart should put complete faith in its highest impulse, and should fearlessly crown it as divine. We will not mar, by any attempt at abstract, the course of simple, but yet subtle thought, by which the song reaches this triumphant issue :—

" O, speak through me now !

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wilt Thou — so wilt Thou !

So shall crown thee, the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown —

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down

One spot for the creature to stand in ! "

Thus the minstrel, looking through the love of his own soul, saw the coming Christ, standing in the glory of the Father.

" O Saul, it shall be

A face like my face that receives thee ; a man like to me,

Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever ! A Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the Christ stand ! "

We need hardly remark how wonderfully, in this whole poem, the shepherd life of David, and his Messianic prophecies, are mingled with the strange and touching power that we read his song had over the soul of the moody and haunted Saul. It is enough for our present purpose to see how it furnishes the solution of the mystery which broods darkly over so many of the other poems. In considering it, in its relation with them, two facts are of interest. One is, that the first part of the "Saul" was published in the volumes with the Tragedies, its triumphant close not then having been completed. The other is, that the substance of the close of the "Saul" was written grandly, and embodied in the early part of the poem called "Christmas Eve." In this, however, it did not seem to satisfy the thought of the poet, for it is used only to make way for a settling down in the little "Zion" above referred to, while in the "Saul" it sets the heavens in a glow and the earth in a rapture.

It would of course be impossible to give to the minor poems of Browning the same sort of examination that we have given to the more important ones. The attempt would, moreover, be fruitless. They are written in every mood, and adapted to various circumstances and characters. They are thus separate and diverse. Some are mere fancies, some pictures, some playful, some passionate. In nearly all of them we find the marks of wonderful genius, though for the most part less perfectly exhibited than in the longer poems. Though they are thus not susceptible of the same sort of analysis that we have given to the others, we cannot help feeling the presence of the same spirit that was in them; of something even of the same unreconciled elements of heart and intellect, the antagonism of which, as we have seen, gives the tragic power to so many of the longer pieces. This influence gives to many of the minor poems something of this same power, while it is also the cause of many of the faults that have been alluded to, which repel so many readers. It will be easily understood how the same cause can work both strength and weakness, by calling to mind the case of a man under the influence of some great sorrow. When he speaks of his grief, his grief itself gives him eloquence; but when he speaks of anything else, it

gives him an air of preoccupation, injuring the flow, the strength, and the clearness of his language.

Perhaps we can best illustrate our meaning, though only partially, by remarking, that, in reading the poems of Browning, we feel ourselves brought into the presence of a spirit in which the religious element is naturally very predominant. Not even the spirit of Mrs. Browning seems to us to have been more strongly religious than that of her husband. Yet, while the poems of the one are full of expressions of religious faith, in those of the other such expressions are not frequent. The theme has an evident fascination for the writer. The song plays about it, and plays with it. It criticises and questions. Sometimes we meet the grandest and most confident utterances. But, for the most part, when we meet these, we come upon them suddenly. It is the flash of something which is a power and a mystery. It is vague, yet real. Many of the lighter poems of Browning produce the same effect that we experience when we hear light, graceful airs played upon an organ. We enjoy and admire, but at the same time we have a certain unsatisfied feeling. Something in the performance itself, however beautiful this may be, suggests that the full power of the instrument has not been brought out. What, played upon a piano, would give simply pleasure, upon the organ leaves us, though pleased, not quite content. In the minor poems of Browning we sometimes, indeed, have pieces so exquisitely performed that we rest wholly satisfied. An example of these is the piece entitled, "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Sometimes we get the full, satisfying, and inspiring organ-peal, as in the "*Instans Tyrannus*," and "*The Grammarian's Funeral*." But often, among magnificent descriptions and beautiful images, we feel as if we were not in full communication with the author, as if his heart were not wholly in the work. Sometimes the mark of this is a touch foreign to the matter, as in the concluding verses which mar the sweet picture of the "*Guardian Angel*." Sometimes it is merely a harshness and obscurity, such as were referred to at the beginning of this article. Sometimes it is a mannerism, a trick of style, by which, as soon as we glance at a page, we see that we have a poem of Browning

there, even before we see whether we have a poem worth reading or not. Sometimes it is only that universal, dramatic form, assumed, not for the pleasure of the development of a central plot, but simply for that of speaking with different voices, of analyzing various characters. From all this we are tempted to believe that the great heart and the equally great intellect of the poet have not worked out for themselves a perfect harmony. His spirit has no absolute ground of its own from which it can speak its own word. There are indications, for instance, of a lack of faith in traditional, religious forms, which there has yet been no strength to cast off. Even the magnificent poem of "Saul" may have been a single expression of what is not a permanent mood. We say all this doubtfully, as helping to indicate this presence of elements not wholly in harmony, which we feel at the heart of many of these poems. It is at least a striking fact, that the only instance in Browning's collected works, "the first time and the last time," that the poet throws off this reserve, and utters a hearty word in his own name and person, is when he addresses one to whom love and reverence were alike obviously and rightly due. To Mrs. Browning the heart could give its utmost love, and the intellect, finding nothing to object to its devotion, could only rival the heart's love by its own admiration. It is, we say, a striking fact, that to her the only direct word of the poet is uttered. We can imagine that here the restless discord of the nature was stilled, and we feel a sense of peace when we hear the poet utter, in his own voice, and from his own soul,

"Here where the heart rests, let the brain rest also."

We may refer, also, in the same connection, to the two poems that stand together in the June number of the "Atlantic Monthly," the one, "Under the Cliff," utterly sad and questioning; and the other, "Prospice," one of the grandest utterances of courage and faith that have ever been hurled into the face of death; yet the distinctness and certainty of the faith rest only on one beloved form,—

"Then a light, then thy heart,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

However we may err in tracing any connection between these poems and the spirit of their author, we cannot mistake in connecting them with the spirit of the times. The great discord between the head and the heart, between intellect and faith, is the predominant characteristic of the age. Old forms of thought are failing. Wherever faith finds a foothold, the intellect comes prying, doubting, and disturbing. The age is accused of having a "suspense of faith," of infidelity, of materialism. But the discord is not with infidels and materialists alone. It runs far back into the very heart of the Church. This restless search, this unsatisfied longing, this harrying discord, can have but one solution. The song that the shepherd boy sings in the "Saul" to the disquieted king, is the only music that can soothe the troubled spirit of the present. The truth there uttered is its only resting-place. The strife between the heart and the intellect cannot cease until the heart has learned to trust, with simple faith, its own highest impulse, and to crown it as divine. It must learn to take for granted, that, as the mountains stand by the power of God, as the sun shines with his glory, so the heart loves and can love only in his love. Thus it will have reached a resting-place, where the intellect cannot disturb it, but can only help it by ministering to its need of outward forms and service. While it rests here, it matters not what forms it may assume or may reject. If it does not rest here, it is also no matter what forms it may assume, for all are alike empty and worthless.

ART. IV.—MARSH'S "MAN AND NATURE."

Man and Nature ; or, Physical Geography as modified by Human Action. By GEORGE P. MARSH. New York : Charles Scribner.

WHILE political theorists and social enthusiasts and religious optimists have been indulging in dreams of unlimited progress, and boasting of those conquests of man over the natural world which we sum up in the phrase "modern civilization," a quiet undertone of warning, beginning with a few sober and cautious investigators in the field of natural science, has been gradually swelling to a note of serious apprehension and alarm. Our visions of an indefinite and vast future for humanity were a little blurred at being told that the time must come inevitably, when the mere friction of the earth's revolution in its orbit would bring its motion to a check, and plunge it finally into the sun. But we comforted ourselves with thinking that this must at any rate be a good way off in the future, — some hundreds of millions of years at least, — and a deluge so long after us, we might well enough dismiss from our thoughts. Then came the hint, that, by the effect of great chemical changes going on, the water of the earth's atmosphere and surface was getting slowly but surely absorbed, — that, in short, our system is drying up, — and life will perish here, just as it has in the moon, from mere want of its fluid medium. But every rain-storm or river-flood was an argument to forget a fear so far away, and possibly unreal after all. Again, it was hinted that we are drawing, in a very prodigal and exhausting way, on those marvellous stores of wealth stored by in long geological ages. How long can we depend on our coal mines or our wells of fossil oil? how long will the strata beneath our feet honor the prodigious drafts, increasing every day from the demands of science, from the arts of peace, or the enormous waste of war? Still, it seemed as if we might well enough believe in the constancy of natural forces, mainly so bounteous and beneficent to man, — in the competency of human skill to supply the defects, and heal the wounds, which man has made in nature, — in the practical sufficiency of our resources, whether from nature or art, to meet the real problems of human life, as fast as they are

likely to occur; and as if it were no very wild enthusiasm to predict that our powers will more than keep pace with our demands, so as to secure an indefinite advance in wealth, comfort, civilization, for a future as large as our imagination can well conceive.

But just here comes the warning of wastes more fatal, of exhaustions more immediately threatening, of mischiefs more irremediable, than we had conceived. Organic chemistry warns us of that wholesale waste which suffers the most fertile elements of the soil to drift helplessly into the sea, millions of tons a year, through the silt of rivers and the drainage of great cities; and which, by a slow but certain process, is reducing the boundless wealth of our plains and valleys to the exhaustion and sterility of a wilderness. Physical geography repeats the admonition, by making us better acquainted with the sources and conditions of that natural wealth we consume so prodigally, and showing us how vast man's power of mischief here, how small his power of renovation. Instead of the unlimited future of progress we had dreamed of, it is hinted that the race has very nearly reached the meridian of its terrestrial day; that we can even now anticipate the shadows of a dreary afternoon; that, unless something can be done to stay the waste or restore the loss, the material conditions of our civilization, of social progress, perhaps even of human life and society itself upon our planet, are already slipping from our hands. And our boasting is turned to real anxiety and concern, as touching some of the most essential elements of our earthly future.

That we may not be charged with putting this aspect of the case too strongly, we cite the following statement of it, made by so clear a thinker, so excellent an observer, and so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Marsh, — emphasizing the phrases which seem to point most clearly the drift and main argument of his book.

"The ravages committed by man," he says, "*subvert the relations and destroy the balance which nature had established between her organized and her inorganic creations*; and she revenges herself upon the intruder, by letting loose upon her defaced provinces destructive energies, hitherto kept in check by organic forces destined to be his best auxiliaries, but which he has unwisely dispersed and driven from the

field of action. When the forest is gone, the great reservoir of moisture stored up in its vegetable mould is evaporated, and returns only in deluges of rain to wash away the parched dust into which that mould has been converted. The well-wooded and humid hills are turned to ridges of dry rock, which encumbers the low grounds and chokes the watercourses with its *débris*, and — except in countries favored with an equal distribution of rain through the seasons, or a moderate and regular inclination of surface — the whole earth, unless rescued by human art from the physical degradation to which it tends, becomes an assemblage of bald mountains, of barren, turfless hills, and of swampy and malarious plains. There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where the operation of causes set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call 'the historical period' they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, *they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man*, nor can they become again fitted for human use, except through great geological changes, or other mysterious influences or agencies, of which we have no present knowledge, and over which we have no prospective control. The earth is fast becoming an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant, and *another era of equal human crime and human improvidence, and of like duration with that through which traces of that crime and that improvidence extend, would reduce it to such a condition of impoverished destructiveness, of shattered surface, of climatic excess, as to threaten the depravation, barbarism, and perhaps even extinction of the species.*" — pp. 43, 44.

"It is, in general, true, that the intervention of man has hitherto seemed to *insure the final exhaustion, ruin, and desolation of every province of nature which he has reduced to his dominion.* Attila was only giving an energetic and picturesque expression to the tendencies of human action, when he said that 'no grass grew where his horse's hoofs had stood.' The instances are few where a second civilization has flourished upon the ruins of an ancient culture, and lands once rendered uninhabitable by human acts or neglect have generally been forever abandoned as hopelessly irreclaimable." — p. 416.

It will be seen by these extracts, that Mr. Marsh's volume is very far from being composed in that tone of complacent — not to say boastful — rhetoric, which men of letters have so often employed, in view of the progress of science and the triumphs of human industry. It is a work whose character and

whose merit lie in its practical motive. It is even less a scientific exposition than it is an appeal to preserve and to restore what art and industry, luxury and poverty, pride and ignorance, alike combine to waste. It is a treatise on physical ethics. The wealth of knowledge, the curious felicity of illustration, which abound in it, are the contribution of a scholar, a philosopher, and a keen observer of natural things, whose single purpose is to put his fellow-men on guard against certain definite dangers which threaten some of their weightiest interests and fairest hopes. It is simply with a view to illustrate this one point in it, that we shall refer to a few of the facts and arguments it contains.

The work begins with a brilliant picture of the natural fertility and beauty of the provinces which made up the Roman Empire,—a region which shows the most melancholy proofs of havoc and waste.

"Vast forests have disappeared from mountain spurs and ridges; the vegetable earth, accumulated beneath the trees by the decay of leaves and fallen trunks, the soil of the alpine pastures which skirted and indented the woods, and the mould of the upland fields, are washed away; meadows, once fertilized by irrigation, are waste and unproductive, because the cisterns and reservoirs that supplied the ancient canals are broken, or the springs that fed them dried up; rivers famous in history and song have shrunk to humble brooklets; the willows that ornamented and protected the banks of the lesser watercourses are gone, and the rivulets have ceased to exist as perennial currents, because the little water that finds its way into their old channels is evaporated by the droughts of summer, or absorbed by the parched earth, before it reaches the lowlands; the beds of the brooks have widened into broad expanses of pebbles and gravel, over which, though in the hot season passed dry-shod, in winter sea-like torrents thunder; the entrances of navigable streams are obstructed by sand-bars, and harbors, once marts of an extensive commerce, are shoaled by the deposits of the rivers at whose mouths they lie; the elevation of the beds of estuaries, and the consequently diminished velocity of the streams which flow into them, have converted thousands of leagues of shallow sea and fertile lowland into unproductive and miasmatic morasses.

"If to this realm of desolation we add the now wasted and solitary soils of Persia and the remoter East, that once fed their millions with milk and honey, we shall see that a territory larger than all Europe,

the abundance of which sustained, in bygone centuries, a population scarcely inferior to that of the whole Christian world at the present day, has been entirely withdrawn from human use, or, at best, is thinly inhabited by tribes too few in number, too poor in superfluous products, and too little advanced in culture and the social arts, to contribute anything to the general moral or material interests of the great commonwealth of man." — pp. 3-5.

Besides "man's ignorant disregard of the laws of nature," implied in this wholesale devastation, the causes of it are succinctly stated to be, —

"First, the brutal and exhausting despotism which Rome herself exercised over her conquered kingdoms, and even over her Italian territory; then, the host of temporal and spiritual tyrannies which she left as her dying curse to all her wide dominion, and which, in some form of violence or of fraud, still brood over almost every soil subdued by the Roman legions. Man cannot struggle at once against crushing oppression and the destructive forces of inorganic nature. When both are combined against him, he succumbs after a shorter or a longer struggle, and the fields he has won from the primeval wood relapse into their original state of wild and luxuriant, but unprofitable forest growth, or fall into that of a dry and barren wilderness."

The careful reader will trace, in the paragraphs we have quoted, the outline of an argument, which is expanded into great variety of detail, and enriched with singular wealth of illustrative knowledge, in the six chapters which make up the volume. The second chapter, for instance, is taken up with the agency of man in transplanting, modifying, or exterminating various vegetable and animal tribes. Besides being a very interesting piece of natural history, it has a good word to say for those untamed herds of "large browsing and grazing quadrupeds, the slaughter of which is the source of a ferocious pleasure and a brutal triumph to professedly civilized hunters," and for those feathered tribes which an unthrifty and ignorant brutality devotes by millions to extermination. We quote a single paragraph respecting the *geographical* function of the living tribes: —

"Every plant, every animal, is a geographical agency, man a destructive, vegetables and even wild beasts restorative powers. The rushing waters sweep down earth from the uplands; in the first mo-

ment of repose vegetation seeks to re-establish itself on the bared surface, and, by the slow deposit of its decaying products, to raise again the soil which the torrent had laved. So important an element of reconstruction is this, that it has been seriously questioned whether, upon the whole, vegetation does not contribute as much to elevate, as the waters to depress, the level of the surface." — p. 58.

The third, and longest chapter in the book, consisting of about two hundred pages, is on "The Woods"; and is probably the ablest, fullest, and most intelligent plea that has been offered for the protection and restoration of the forest, — that beautiful and noble barrier set by nature against drought and flood, extremes of cold and heat, lightning, hail, and pestilence, the curse of barrenness, and the sweep of blasting winds. The functions of the forest as the chief means for the gathering and husbanding of moisture in the vast sponge of its porous, leafy mould, — as the defence of rocky slopes from ruinous freshets, and of exposed coasts from furious sea storms and encroachment of barren sands, — as the laboratory and reservoir of great stores of fertile soil, — as the chief natural agent to mitigate the extremes of climate and the violence of the elements, — as a mine of precious material for many of the most necessary arts, inexhaustible, if used with economy and skill, — besides being the crown and glory of the landscape, and the natural covering, spontaneously renewed, of almost all lands fitted for the uses of human life, — all this, with the methods devised by European skill and experience to preserve the forests where existing, and restore them, if possible, where destroyed, makes a treatise on this most interesting topic well worthy the study of those who have in charge our own magnificent domain. It is a plea, in part, for the forests of America. Mr. Marsh holds that probably no State in the Union, with the exception, perhaps, of Oregon, has more woodland at this time than is needed by those grand economies of nature to which our personal and political economies should conform. In some of the States good attention has been paid to this matter already. In Massachusetts, we have been assured, on good authority, not only many of our stony uplands have been preserved from the unsightly havoc that once seemed to threaten them all, but there is actually more surface covered

with wood than a quarter of a century ago. Still we are grieved, occasionally, by the stripping bare of great patches to supply the locomotive or the fireside; and hundreds of tons of the noblest growth of our forests are dragged every year to our country railway stations to meet the inexorable demand of our ship-yards;* so that the warning is timely as well as impressive, and is addressed to the immediate future of our American industries and economies. It is a little curious, by the way, that the reaction against the forest-laws and game-laws of feudal times seems to have bred a spirit of more wanton destructiveness in Europe than even the reckless waste of new settlements. It is but very recently that the more enlightened governments of the Old World have been able to check the destruction, and do a little to repair these great natural barriers and outer defences of civilization.

The same subject constantly reappears in the discussions of the next two chapters, those on "*The Waters*" and "*The Sands*," — since, as already mentioned, the forest is the great natural defence against the mischiefs from either sources. Of the former chapter, the most striking portions are those which speak of the great devastation from river freshets and mountain torrents, particularly those in Southern France.

"The comparative exemption of the American people from the terrible calamities which the overflow of rivers has brought on some of the fairest portions of the Old World, is, in a still greater degree [than to the rarity of large towns and costly improvements on their banks] to be ascribed to the fact that, with all our thoughtless improvidence, we have not yet bared all the sources of our streams, not yet overthrown all the barriers which nature has erected to restrain her own destructive energies." — p. 228.

Some of our readers will remember the derision with which a message of the French Emperor, on the subject of the inundations (we believe) of 1856, was received by the incredulous. What, they said, is he insane in his arrogance, to dictate laws to nature, and check, by his will, the sources of

* As a single instance of the drain which war makes upon the forest, as on all other sources of wealth, Mr. Marsh states that twenty-eight thousand walnut-trees were felled in Europe to supply gun-stocks for the United States army during the first two years of the present war.

the rain? How much can be actually effected by human means appears, indeed, to be a matter of doubt.

"But the conservative action of the woods in this respect has been generally recognized by the public of France, and the government of the Empire has made this principle the basis of important legislation for the protection of existing forests, and for the formation of new. The clearing of woodland, and the organization and functions of a police for its protection, are regulated by a law bearing date June 18th, 1859; and provision was made for promoting the restoration of private woods by a statute adopted on the 28th of July, 1860. The almost entire unanimity with which they were adopted is proof of a very general popular conviction, that the protection and extension of the forests is a measure more likely than any other to check the violence, if not to prevent the recurrence, of destructive inundations. The law of 1860 appropriated ten million francs, to be expended, at the rate of one million francs per year, in exerting or aiding the replanting of woods. It is computed that this appropriation will secure the creation of new forests to the extent of about two hundred and fifty thousand acres, or one eleventh part of the soil where the restoration of the forest is thought feasible, and at the same time specially important as a security against the evils ascribed in great measure to its destruction." — pp. 395, 396.

The provision made by nature to check the desolating encroachment of sea-sands, the great mischiefs that may result from so slight a cause as the uprooting of a single tree upon the "dunes" or sand-hills, and the power of human skill to repair those mischiefs, afford a topic of very curious and valuable discussion. We cite a single illustration, taken from a Prussian author on this subject: —

"King Frederick William I. was once in want of money. A certain Herr von Korff promised to procure it for him, without loan or taxes, if he could be allowed to remove something quite useless. He thinned out the forests of Prussia, which then indeed possessed little pecuniary value; but he felled the entire woods of the Frische Nehrung [a long sand-spit separating the Frische Haff from the Baltic], so far as they lay within the Prussian territory. The financial operation was a success. The king had money, but in the elementary operation which resulted from it, the state received irreparable injury. The sea winds rush over the bared hills; the Frische Haff is half choked with sand; the channel between Elbing, the sea, and Königsberg is endangered,

and the fisheries in the Haff injured. The operation of Herr von Korff brought the king two hundred thousand thalers. The state would now willingly expend millions to restore the forests again." — p. 486.

The closing chapter contains a brief discussion of some of the more remarkable modern enterprises, — such as the Suez and Darien Canals, the diversion of the Rhine above Lake Constance, and the draining of the inland seas of Holland, — which illustrate not merely the industrial energy and skill of man, but his power to modify the geographical features of the earth. But these discussions are slight and supplementary. The great interest of the volume is gathered about those topics which we have already indicated. And the highest praise we can award it is to express the hope, that we may have done our share to direct attention to its remarkable interest for every student of nature, and its great value to all who would intelligently promote the best material welfare of our country and kind.

ART. V.—ROBERT LOWELL.

1. *The Story of the New Priest in Conception Bay.* By ROBERT LOWELL. A New Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864. pp. 566.
2. *The Poems of ROBERT LOWELL.* A New Edition (with many New Poems). Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864. pp. 206.

ROBERT LOWELL is known in his religious communion as a singularly devoted and faithful parish priest, and to the public at large as the writer of a slender volume of verse, and of a novel of singular character and excellence. His fame is not large, but growing. It is the fortune of some authors to be most severely criticised at the first, but, as their merits become known, to override the critic's authority and establish a reading public of their own. It has been so with Mr. Lowell. The "New Priest," in 1857, was published anonymously.

We spent our midnight hours over it, and wept for the pathos of its touching scenes, and so did others, and the book was apparently speedily on its way to final sleep. The critics found fault with it; cultivated people read it; circulating libraries had it; and then you could see it knocked off at a shilling in some auction-room, and that was apparently the end of it. Yet now it has come up again into the light of day, and is as eagerly read as when it was first hot from the press. It is not a novel which can be forgotten; it has those master-touches of genius which keep a writing alive, and bring posthumous fame to its author.

A little later than the publication of the "New Priest," a certain thin volume of poetry appeared from the same pen. This, too, was severely handled. "Such odd poetry!" one said. "How weak and full of little blemishes!" said another. It was very evident, either that the poetry was not good, or that it did not obey the canons of prevailing schools. Yet an edition of the Poems was somehow sold, and the new edition of the novel found few old copies in the market. Such is the slow but certain recognition which comes to a work of genius. How many novels have been born in these six years, and died the death! How many poems have shared the same fate! These two small books *live*; they knock at our door for candid criticism: they shall have it.

And first the Poems. They are mostly short-winged snatches of verse, such as one writes when he is mostly confined to other pursuits, but which have the compressed essence of poetry. There is one longer poem, rising to the dignity of a work of art, "The Delphian Children's Lost Hope." All the others are brief: some are simple songs, singularly sweet and pretty; others are tragic passages in a religious life; others are the caught breath and spirit of our battle-fields; and others are ballads or preachings in verse. There is an absence in them of all pretension; the very language shows it. There is also a singularly earnest feeling in each poem, which does not interfere with pictures of imaginative beauty, but the rather impresses you that there is a strongly beating heart behind them. They are often rugged, bare; lines are stiff; the measure is strange; it is oftener the cadence of a certain inward spirit-

ual melody than the exact shaping of language into the moulds of art, and perhaps nearly as often the verse flows in the most beautiful melody. The genius of the author would be called freaky, idiosyncratic, until you had learned to look at poetry with his own eyes. Then you could discover that this ruggedness is only the higher element of his poetry, — the exhibition of vivid poetic feeling. Most people will say that they prefer to see poetry made up; but when the poet brings his poetic process at the very heat before you, and then freezes the action at that moment, we must say it is a most peculiar power, and such poetry is truest to the human heart. It is not refined down to melodious nothingness. In the "New Priest" are some of the poems which are in this volume; they are there clothed in the feeling with which they were composed. Such are "The Brave Old Ship, the Orient," "To God Most High," and "Love Disposed of"; and from the same book you get the clew to a richer appreciation of the poetry which pictures scenery in Newfoundland.

Mr. Lowell has a singularly happy faculty of expression. And for poetic expression he selects those feelings and thoughts and pictures which even the eye of a master shuns. His success is not always a melodious effect upon the ear, but he seldom fails to impart the very impression which the mind or heart longs for. His power is happily displayed in "Our Inland Summer-Nightfall"; and here is a stanza: —

"All grows more cool, though night comes slowly over,
And slowly stars stand out within the sky!
The trampling market-herd and way-sore drover
Crowd past with seldom cries, — their halt now nigh.
From out some lower dark
Comes up a dog's short bark:
There food and welcome rest; there cool, soft meadows lie."

How finely the words convey the slow coming on of nights by a country farm-house! Then the "dog's short bark" away below, where "cool, soft meadows lie," — the picture is all before you. Yet the first impression is that of ruggedness in the measure, disappearing, however, as you study it, into a beautifully adapted cadence. Take another specimen from "The Little Years": —

" These years! these years! these naughty years!
Once they were pretty things;
Their fairy footfalls caught our ears,
Our eyes their glancing wings.
They flitted by our school-boy way,
We chased the little imps at play.

" We knew them soon for tricky elves;
They brought the college gown,
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down;
Played with our throats, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

" They smiling stretched our childish size,
Their soft hands trimmed our hair,
Cast the deep thought within our eyes
And left it glowing there."

How delicate, how airy, are the touches in this little poem! Yet it is not weak, but manly in every word, and running over with childish playfulness. And no graduate who goes up to Harvard on Commencement-day but finds his very feeling here caught in words. Mr. Lowell is true to human feeling in every touch. But the melody of the poem is characteristic, and, though "hands skilful and famous have taken [it] up to make a tune for it," it is still unsung by the Elder Graduates, for whom it was written. The measure is the author's own. This we must grant him, and then we can see the rare force and simplicity of his pictures and imagery. The reader will find in these pages numerous single words, adjectives, epithets which are either new in poetry, or are put to new uses and freighted with more beautiful association; so that a refined mind, or even the mind right by nature and rough from lack of cultivation, will ever find fresh beauty and stimulus, old thoughts (and sad ones too) newly expressed, old and elusive feelings shaped into living pictures, in this charming volume.

Perhaps no single feature will be more attractive to many than its deep religious tone. Mr. Lowell is essentially a Christian poet, and his faith is too strong to have the thoughts of the soul unsaid. He has been called the George Herbert of the nineteenth century; and, in a religious sense, they seem

to have many traits in common,— the same quick eye for outward beauty, the same delight in holy thoughts, the same fondness for the ritual of the Church, the same rough earnestness of language, the same spirit of self-consecration. He seems more at home with Ken and Keble and Vaughan and Crashaw, than with Tennyson or Browning or Bryant. His good things are found where you least expect them, tucked into a bit of song, or gleaming along modestly upon the page. "A Communing with God before Ordination," "The Priest that must be," "Before Morns," "The Days of Sin," "To my Old Parishioners," "To God Most High," "The Barren Field," — each of these breathes the strong, hearty feeling of one whose religious experience has gone down to the foundation-stones. The language is often quaint, but the truths spoken have been searched for and found. It is often severely homely, but only because the feeling is so intense, or the experience so much beyond expression. It is the language of one who has seen the battle from afar, who has moved in the thick of the fight, and who has come away with the hard-won trophies of victory. It is catholic simplicity of faith, with the surroundings to show that it has not been easily gained.

His ballad poems, as "The Relief of Lucknow," "Bürger's Lenore," and "A Christmas Sermon," show his poetic power in a different direction; and here he comes more within the ordinary rules of poetic method, and succeeds well, leading you along with the simplest pathos. Altogether, few poets, in respect of genius, in power to depict religious emotion, in power to make language plastic to thought, in the faculty of saying just enough to make ideas and imagery strong and vivid, but not too much so, in the faculty of imparting religious manliness to poetry, in this age stand in advance of Robert Lowell.

We turn to the "New Priest." The scene of the story is laid in the southeastern portion of Newfoundland. It is among rude, rough men, whose home and life are much upon the sea, whose ways are characteristic, whose thoughts are tinged and even shaped greatly by their occupations. It is a novel whose scenery is found in a real section of the world; its characters are probably chiefly human beings whom the

author once knew, or now knows, and whose memory he has fixed in these pages. Its plot is twofold, — to show the peculiar position of the Roman Catholic priesthood toward the female sex, and to bring together two young hearts that Romanism had separated, — and, incidental to this, the whole life and work of the skippers of Newfoundland are laid before the readers. Hence, the work has the interest of a volume of travels, portraying the ways and manners of people who lie a little out of the circle of the world's surging life. But higher than this satisfaction of curiosity, it is a living act or section of the great tragedy, which will never end till the Judgment begins. It is a volume in which the surges of sorrow wash up to your very feet. It uncovers human passion in its most vivid forms; it is strong in those elements which make brethren of us all; it touches the common sympathy; it draws the tears from every reader. Not that the book is all sad, but it is intensely tragic. It is no nine days' wonder, but has probably been built up slowly out of the author's experience, growing into a comely shape under a plastic imagination, until the plot, the dialogue, the narrative, the humor, the pathos, are all directed into one common and great purpose. It is a religious book because the author is a religious man. But its one purpose is to show how life goes on yet in this lower world. Hence, it must be sad, humorous, brilliant, tragic, all in turn, and no worse a story than a thoughtful and sympathetic mind sees every day in actual life. It records that kind of experience with which a clergyman, from the very nature of his pursuits, is most familiar.

To the contents, then, briefly given, of the "New Priest." A clergyman of the English Church, renouncing his priesthood, and separating from his wife and children, enters the Church of Rome, is admitted to the priesthood there, and becomes an assistant in the mission at Conception Bay. The story begins with his mysterious presence, and with the like mysterious presence of his former wife, Mrs. Barrè, who, though once having tried to follow his example, had broken away, disgusted with the liberties taken in the confessional, and come back gladly to her early faith. One chief thread in the book is to see how this wife — sorrowful, widowed, silent,

lonely, near this man who should be her husband, yet separated from him by the wide chasm of religious difference — lives and waits to see him renounce his later belief and come back to his own truer self. Take a conscientious mind, noble, earnest, following the lead of seen duty, and the struggle between duty as a priest, and the hopes and joys which only a husband and father can feel and which his life craves, is most agonizing. This struggle is here pictured with a delicacy and force of language such as nothing short of genius can employ. It is not easy to conceive how a man can go so far on what appears so plainly a wrong track ; but the way to Rome is not beset with insuperable difficulties for certain conscientious and imaginative minds, and, once there, the conscience stays the mind in doing imagined duty, while the heart revolts. It is so with this Father Ignatius. The priesthood and its offices trample down all else for the time ; but the naked sores of that Church once fairly seen by a convert, he is no longer a happy man, even though he does not recant. It is hardly possible for a Protestant to see just how a Romanist feels here, how exaltedly the priesthood stands, and with what a holy confidence in finding the truth, the “pervert” walks on ; but Mr. Lowell has evidently seen in actual life such a character as this, and the record reads as if painted to the life.

Jesuitism comes out here also in all its nakedness, both as seen in priest and in layman. Because James Urston gives up preparing for the priesthood, and loves Lucy Barbury, who is a Protestant, the girl is stolen from her home with the connivance of Father Nicholas, — and the means by which she is traced, and the trial, and the story of her capture, and her final return, make up the bulk of the book. Here the whole inner life of the Roman Catholic system, and its shelter extended to a wily priest, and the liberties and screens which it allows, are unblushingly reported. No Protestant novel so strong against the Church of Rome has yet been published in the language. And still, this comes in so quietly to carry out the plot of the book, that its full power is not seen till the work is finished. Nor is it all evil. One character, Father Terence, an old Irish priest, who, by the simple quality of good-

nature, redeems the want of learning, and enthusiasm, and power, will ever remain in the reader's thoughts. He commands respect, draws others to him, and yet uses less sense than actually seems necessary to maintain any sort of dignity. His attempt to convert a live Yankee to Romanism is, next to the Biglow Papers, the richest specimen of native 'cuteness which we have seen; and if the author of those papers did not put a helping hand to this, Mr. Lowell may fairly contest with his brother the palm as an American humorist. Both the idiomatic Yankeeisms and the quite as racy Irish are as necessary in such a tragic work as the clown in the play, and they both carry on the purpose of the book, while resting the reader.

The one character which will perhaps command most admiration is Skipper George. This man has that rough native manliness which gives dignity and heartiness to his simplest deed. He tells a story with genuine pathos, and goes through the most thrilling passages in his own life with fervor and directness. His language is that racy dialect into which all who live off the dusty highway insensibly fall. His faith in God and in prayer, his pointing of morals, his singular sincerity, appear whenever he comes forward; and here he stands, a noble, but simple-minded man, strong in trouble because he knows where to lean, plain of speech because he is an honest man, great because nature made him so. Such a character is seldom found in a novel or in real life.

The women of the story are equally well sketched. Mrs. Barrè is the living impersonation of sorrow and religious faith. Lucy Barbury, of whom we do not see as much as we wish, is a true woman. The roguish Miss Dare has her place; Mrs. Calloran could not be spared; and even the Skipper's wife is not at all a needless or a weak character. Indeed, we do not know a single weak character in the book. The author has a marvellous power of drawing men and women by a few graphic touches. Witness the old smuggler, Ladford; the influence of the ghost on shipboard; Mr. Bangs's exploration of the nunnery; the discovery of the frozen, but repentant husband. Each part is equally well done. There is a careful finish of shading everywhere manifest.

In some respects, the story might perhaps be better. There

are often too long conversations. The author is apt to give too much of a good thing. Mr. Bangs has too much to say; all he says has point, but he speaks too often; the movement, at first, is rather too slow; and the repentant husband dying in the snow cuts short that longing to see sorrow turned into joy which is natural to us all. But these are comparatively small defects. The novel may not even be so popular as "Peculiar" or "Hannah Thurston"; but it has a vital power to which neither of these can lay claim. It will find readers, and the circle will constantly widen. While by no means a professedly religious novel, it is as much so as the Pilgrim's Progress; while seemingly only giving the life, as the author found it, of the skippers of Newfoundland, it contains the strongest trumpet-blast against Romanism which has been written since the Tractarian movement toward Rome. Again, while so all-engaged in depicting real life, the author has found time to delineate sharply the natural scenery of a comparatively unknown land; and while only engaged to weave the many threads of his story into one strand, he finds room for some of the sweetest and purest passages which can be found in our English tongue.

We have little room to make quotations; none to show how the author manages the dramatic portions of his work; but some of these beautiful passages, whose imagery is so sweet and delicate, cannot be passed by so easily. Here is one:—

"The day was such as often draws one's longings forwards, forwards, as the sweet wind goes, and brings into the mind a gentle sorrow, because it cannot go along farther or faster than the heavy body."

Hawthorne has not equalled that. And here is another. It speaks of Heine:—

"He sang out of a heart that knew what was the dreadful crush, and dizzying, destroying backset of his life's flood, when its so many channels, torn from their fastenings in another's being, lie huddled upon themselves."

Here is still another:—

"He stood still in his grief; and, as Mr. Wellon pressed his honest, hard hand, he lifted to his pastor one of those childlike looks that only come out on the face of the true man, that has grown, as oaks grow,

ring around ring, adding each after-age to the childhood that has never been lost, but has been kept innermost. This fisherman seemed like one of those that plied their trade, and were the Lord's disciples, at the Sea of Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. The very flesh and blood enclosing such a nature keep a long youth through life. Witness the genius (who is only the more thorough man), poet, painter, sculptor, finder-out, or whatever; how fresh and fair such an one looks out from under his old age. Let him be a Christian, too, and he shall look as if — shedding this outward — the inward being would walk forth a glorified one."

Such passages as these are full of the tenderest meaning: —

"The body was dead, and they gave over their useless work upon it, and clothed it as before. There it lay; *no priest, no layman, no husband, no father, no man!* — *but it was sacred*, and it was reverently treated, as belonging to Christ, who would give it life again."

"Ah! no one can tell what is in woman, or in humanity, till he has known a noble wife. There is no such thing on earth."

The tone of all these passages is tender or sad, but there is also a mingled sweetness; and even when taken out of their connection, they have almost the touching beauty which belongs to them in the story itself. There are few who write with such depth of feeling, who use words with such precision and delicacy. It is the poet's touch, and Mr. Lowell is one of the few poets (and here like Herbert also) whose prose, if there is any choice, is even better and more poetical than his poetry. And works appealing so truly to the finest feelings, and so full of the deepest tragedy, can only be read thoughtfully, slowly; but thus read, they may enter into the permanent life of every reader. The "New Priest" may be read again and again, and each time you shall discover new excellences, and be thrilled with the unfoldings of greater passion.

We have, indeed, bestowed high praise upon these books, but only because in very truth they called it out. Mr. Lowell is a writer whom no critic can ignore, and when we find a man of genius modestly spreading his wares before the public, — and those wares of the best kind, — we like to say that hearty word of good-will which genius deserves, and will always eventually have.

ART. VI.—RENAN'S CRITICAL ESSAYS.

Studies of Religious History and Criticism. By M. ERNEST RENAN, Member of the Institute of France, and Author of the "Life of Jesus." Authorized Translation from the original French, by O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in New York. With a Biographical Introduction. New York: Carleton. 1864. 8vo. pp. 394.

UPON the important work of M. Renan, briefly noticed in our last issue, we propose, in the present number, to say a few additional words. The translator has not lost or misused his time in introducing to American readers a work of such ability, originality, and beauty. And we may say, by way of preface, that the translator's own work has been exceedingly successful. Rarely has the version of a French book kept so thoroughly to the English idiom. A perfect comprehension of the writer's meaning, an unerring taste, and a choice English vocabulary, have enabled the translator to produce what might be easily mistaken for an English work. We find, indeed, towards the close of the volume, a few obscure sentences and phrases, in which one word seems to have been mistaken for another;—as where, on page 321, Renan is made to say of Channing's writings, "Really I know nothing in our time that *suggests* these beautiful and noble moral discourses." Should this not read *surpasses*? So in a statement about Paganism, on page 335. A sentence on page 286, "Truth is completely involved in nice distinctions," is not easily understood in its connection with the preceding sentence. And, on page 257, we are surprised at finding French "assistants," where we should look for English "by-standers." Doubtless, however, some of the inaccuracies of expression are errors of the press. As a whole, we do not often see a better translation of a foreign book.

The volume is introduced by a biographical sketch of Renan, which communicates some interesting facts in his life, and gives some account of his several works. This is followed by a series of ten essays, of unequal length, arranged

in historical order, and realizing, as far as a collection of essays can, the plan of consecutive and logical treatment. In the first essay, the author states his purpose and his principles, and gives some general introductory views. He follows this by a discussion of "The Religions of Antiquity"; of the spirit and fortunes of the Hebrew people; of the contributions of the Semitic races to civilization; of the methods of criticism adopted in dealing with the Gospels; of Mohammed and Islam; of Calvin and his spirit; of the genius and aim of Channing; of the spirit of Feuerbach and the Hegelians; and, finally, of the religious promise of the present time, and the probable future of religion. The sequence of these themes is by no means perfect, nor are the views absolutely consistent. It is difficult to tell from Renan's words exactly where he stands,—how far he goes in denial, how far in affirmation. While the sympathies of the author with the party of freedom and progress cannot be mistaken, we are left painfully in doubt as to the stability of his position,—whether his actual faith is clear, or sure, or comforting.

The Introduction gives the key-note to the volume. It is essentially a plea for criticism in religion, a defence of its purpose, a vindication of its value, an assertion of its rights, and a limitation of its province. To Renan, criticism and controversy are not identical. The first is calm, serious, and unconcerned for results, telling only the truth that it sees, without care what others may say. It can make no use of the passion or the contrivance which controversy must employ. Criticism properly has nothing to do with faith. It has no preferences among the religions of the world, taking them all as they are, recognizing something worthy in all of them, acknowledging truth in all of them, and honoring the religious sentiment in every manifestation. It does not blame religious faith for its intolerance, for it is the essence of earnest faith to be intolerant. All deep and sincere conviction must be dogmatic; all ardent belief must be in great measure exclusive. It is not the object of criticism to unsettle faith, or to take away from the masses of men their religious traditions; but only to show to the intelligent and inquiring what the wisdom and research of the time have discovered. Those

who have no wish to learn more than they know already, need not read what criticism reveals; and for those who would learn more than they know, it can do no harm. Faith and science should not directly interfere with each other. Religion may be allowed for its own safety, and in the interest of its propagation, to be dogmatic; but it has no right to judge critical science, — which has nothing to say about opinions, but leaves them to take care of themselves, treating them only with respect so far as they are sincere. Criticism is not responsible for the disputes that arise, nor is it the sole cause of these disputes. The disputing would continue, though the criticism should cease. Religious dispute is really sectarian warfare; and the fierce rebuke and denunciation which the Church brings to bear upon critical inquirers only turns in another direction what words have been expended in sectarian wrangling. Wise men will allow religion and criticism to occupy separate departments, not trying vainly to reconcile them, nor, still more foolishly, to absorb one into the other. It is not necessary to denounce a faith because some traditions which it has kept are changed by the progress of thought; nor is the reaction of enlightened minds towards the Catholic Church to be taken as a return of these minds to all the dogmas and decrees of that Church.

The most questionable statement of Renan's Introduction is, that criticism has no recognition of miracle. Such a position is wholly arbitrary. To deny miracle at the outset, or the possibility of miracle, is simply assumption. All religions may have, as Renan says, their adjuncts of miracle. If they can be explained as natural events, the critic has the right so to explain them. If there is reason to call them myths, he has the right to call them so. If the stories are ungenuine, he has the right to say and to show that fact. But he has no right in the beginning to exclude these from the inquiry, as beyond all scientific credence, and only fit for superstitious or implicit belief. This principle of Renan's system of criticism begs the question; it vitiates the reasoning, and it makes the critic virtually an advocate in his treatment of documents which contain the miraculous accounts. This arbitrary theory seems

to us inconsistent with the critical spirit which our author so eloquently and so wisely vindicates.

The second essay is on the Religions of Antiquity. In this the author appears as the opponent of the theory which represents all forms and legends as the covering of some spiritual idea. He believes that in the early ages the form was often the whole, held and prized without any thought of doctrine beneath it; that the Eastern fables have intrinsic worth separate from any meaning which ingenuity may find in them, and that they are to be taken for what they are, rather than for what they signify. Pagan religions, as he reviews them, are not religions of *faith*, like those of the Semitic race. Antiquity did not understand its religions. It used them, rejoiced in them, but did not know their soul, did not care for any more than their manifestations and phenomena. It is impossible now for us to comprehend or to describe the feeling that the ancients had for their forms of worship and their household legends; it is like seeking "the track of a bird in the air." Indeed, one can never fairly judge of a religion from the outside, can never know what it was to those who believed it, unless he has believed it himself. The explanation which we put upon the mythology of those early ages has no scientific value. We may compare the religions of the different nations and races, may show their resemblances, may trace their probable relations, but it is equally impossible for us to find their origin or to find their original meaning. The Greek Paganism had stories which gave their own explanation, — gods and goddesses whose very names were the names of qualities and ideas. Yet it is not safe to argue from these instances that all the Pantheon of Greece was distinctly mythical, and that the fables of the poets all illustrate a fixed system of theology. The doctrine of Creutzer seems to Renan to be a mistake, in spite of the fine and marvellous collection of examples that he has gathered.

He has as little sympathy with the destructive rationalism of the opposite school of Lobeck, which treats the ancient legends as a tissue of contradictions, juggleries, and follies. A scientific study finds something more than deceptions in these primitive fables, these echoes of the voices of nature.

They were used in later ages for selfish and disgusting ends, but in the beginning they were simple, sincere, and beautiful. The Greek mythology was mainly an original creation, and by no means an adoption by a corrupt priesthood of Oriental legends, — by no means an adaptation of infantile fables to the uses of a more enlightened age and people. The mysteries of Eleusis, gross as were their acts and their style, were genuine religious observances. They were not to symbolize any high ideas, nor yet were they for the indulgence of low and brutal passions. They were a religious pageant, designed to touch and move the religious sense, — to move the sense, not by any single detail, but in their general impression. By their very grotesqueness and mystery they cherished in the minds of the people the sense of the Infinite.

These Pagan mysteries, in the view of Renan, form the transition from the earlier religions to the holier worship of the Christian Church. He makes the assertion, which needs more proof than he gives, that “the primitive Christian worship was nothing but a mystery.” This is certainly not the impression which the early Christian writings give us, and to affirm this of the first age of the Church is to contradict the testimony of the Fathers. It may be true that, when Christianity was strong enough to overthrow the worn-out Paganism which Renan so justly despises, it had already borrowed some of the Pagan means and contrivances; so that no violent change of habit or of worship was necessary in the change of religion. It may be, as he says, that in the fourth and fifth century it was uncertain of large numbers whether they were Pagan or Christian, so near to each other were the two styles of life. But it is not fair to reason from these ages of ritual to the primitive age of Christian worship, or even to take the images on the walls of the Roman catacombs as evidence of what Christians of the early time cared for when they broke their bread and sang their hymns together. The very denunciations of the Fathers against the Pagan follies, which Renan mentions as unjust and extravagant, seem to prove that these Pagan practices were abuses, rather than uses, in the Christian assemblies. That the Fathers of the fourth century were not averse to an imposing and a mystical worship is doubtless

true ; but it is not necessary to make their preference in this kind, which had already connected itself with the mysticism in their dogma, significant of the earliest Christian method.

In the essay on the History of the People of Israel, Renan accepts, in general, the critical views already sufficiently familiar through the works of Ewald in German, Nicolas in French, and Colenso and Davidson in English, and which we need not recapitulate. If we view the Hebrew people separately, it is impossible, he thinks, to understand them well. They must be studied in connection with the other Semitic races, with that group of nations whose languages are cognate,—the Phœnicians, Syrians, and Arabs. Monotheism is the grand Semitic idea ; intuitive in the race, not wrought out or acquired, but coming at once to knowledge and consciousness. Naturally resulting from this simple monotheism was an intolerance that has always marked the race. The Semitic nations, with few exceptions, have been destitute of art, of science, of policy, and of strong military organization. Their king is God ; and owing allegiance only to him, they have not the aptness for discipline out of which armies are made. The Mohammedan Arabs have the peculiarities and the vices of the Israelites of Canaan.

There is no evidence that the civilization of Canaan was essentially different from that of the country watered by the Euphrates. The long feud between Israel and the Canaanites was only a family quarrel, and its virulence was that of all family quarrels. Of the early religion of Israel, of which Moses was the high-priest and hero, we know very little. For long ages of the pastoral period, in the wars of the border tribes, Moses was scarcely known ; the annals of the Judges hardly mention him, and other religions divide with his the regard and the zeal of the people. Not until the time of Samuel do we find the nation taking a marked religious or political position. David, the second king, represents to us the union in one person of the regal, sacerdotal, and prophetic offices. David is the representative man of the Semitic race, with all the virtues and all the faults of that race. He is to be judged only from the Semitic point of view. His acts and his songs alike show the strange contrasts of his character,

at once saint and bandit. It is as foolish to denounce his low morality as it is to deny his crimes. The race to which he belonged did not join morality very closely to religion, and is not to be judged by any rules of European ethics.

The striking fact in the history of Israel, from the time of the first kings downward, is the constant strife between the conservative thought, represented by the prophets, and the progressive and secular thought, represented by the kings. The prophet is the strong defender of monotheism against all foreign innovations. His word is for simplicity of worship, divorce from forms, exclusive holiness, and separation from all that is unclean. He is as hostile to the priest as to the king. He never comes from the tribe of Levi. In this conflict of the party of progress with the advocates of the old simplicity, the conservative party must for the time prevail. The prophet must be stronger than the priest, if the worship of the one God is to survive in its purity. In the triumph of the prophets the secular prosperity of the nation will be lost, but its religion will gain the more vitality and strength. Indeed, the nationality of the Jews is a religious, and not a political nationality; for the state, as such, the Jew has little care. Whatever the name of the government, he always lives under a theocracy.

How Messianic ideas originated, it is impossible to tell. Long before the captivity of Zedekiah, the beginnings of Christianity had appeared in Jerusalem. Worship had been reformed; new moral ideas had been promulgated; the fierce tone of ancient prophecy had been softened; and the spirit of "devotion," unknown to the ancient religion, had begun to show itself in worship and song. The character of the expected king had taken another type than that of the former kings. The son of David should rule in gentleness and compassion, in long-suffering and love. The new spirit of the time is best expressed in the strain of the later Isaiah, the unknown prophet, whose continued rapture is in the vision of this kingdom of the anointed, at once glorious and peaceful,—of the king who suffers, yet conquers in his suffering. The later prophets are already Christian, and the Gospel finds their word fit and ready, and easily uses it to describe the new kingdom.

Renan does not attach as much importance as most writers to the Greek influence upon Judaism. All that Christianity added to ancient Judaism seems to him to have come from Persia, — the spiritualism, the doctrine of immortality, the resurrection idea, the belief in the near end of the world. The Zendavesta really dictated the faith of Western Asia in the last age of the Jewish nation.

The Pharisaic party, the party of Oriental tradition, was the real precursor of Christianity. Christ came out of the synagogue, not less that he was crucified by the rulers of the synagogue. His Gospel was the culmination and fulfilment of all that the prophets had told, and the strict piety of those who watched and waited had desired. The synagogue expelled its own consistent and faithful child. The religious life of Judaism is summed up in this ultimate birth of the Gospel.

The next essay is the famous Introductory Lecture to the course in the College of France, which proved to be the only lecture of that course. Its subject is the "share of the Semitic people in the history of civilization." Many of its ideas are repeated from the previous essays, with only new arrangement and illustration. Renan refuses here to the Semitic race all high capacity for art, or science, or polity. The world is not indebted to this race for its philosophy of thought, or its philosophy of fact. To this race we owe in large degree commerce and the appliances of luxury, language, and the alphabet: but its principal, and incomparably its most important gift to the world, is the gift of a simple, pure, and elevated worship. Jesus, the most wonderful of all religious seers, whom for his transcendent insight it is pardonable to call God, enunciated the great message of the Semitic race, when he declared a universal religion. Of this religion the later Islam is only the apostle to the nations of the East. In the West it has borrowed and adopted some of its graces from the Indo-European race, but with all refinements has not lost its original idea.

Such is the substance of the address that provoked such wrath of the Jesuits, and established the fame of its author as the arch-heretic of France. Its general positions seem to us to be true. Historically, the Semitic race have been what

Renan describes them to be. Yet it is not safe to pronounce upon the capacity of a race by its achievement, or to refer to the influence of a religious belief what may be as much the influence of soil, climate, and position. It is better to confess that Semitic art, as compared with that of Greece, is rude and barbarous. Yet it is not fair to press this opinion too far. The Semitic race, gathered into settled communities, have proved, even while keeping their simplicity of faith, that they have appreciation of the plastic arts. The mosques of Egypt are not wanting in grace of form and color; and the descriptions of Solomon's and Herod's temples give these place among the great structures of the ancient world. The Jews had skilful players and minstrels; lapidaries too; carvers in wood and workers in metals, who were more than artisans. Renan seems to us, moreover, to pass too lightly over the importance of the gift of written language, which he concedes to the Semitic race. Apart from the gift of a religion, if Syria had left to the world only the alphabet, that single legacy would have been more than all the contributions of the Pagan nations. And that other gift of *commerce* is not small, ministering as it does to the comfort and luxury of life,—to the domestic arts, from which the elegant arts can hardly be separated.

The next essay is on "The Critical Historians of Jesus." The criticism of the beginnings of a religion, in the judgment of Renan, ought to come, and in fact always does come, from believers in it. The enlightened followers of a faith are always most ready to examine its foundations. With this winning remark at the outset, he goes on to state and to compare the different modern theories of the origin of the Christian story. The rationalist admits the narrative as fact, while he explains away and removes many of its details; the mythic school reject the narrative as history, while they receive its details and account for them. The former explains a story substantially true, only separating additions and pointing out defects; the latter analyze and describe a poem. Eichhorn and Paulus, with their followers, only applied to the Christian story the method of Euhemerus. In the marvellous narratives of the Scripture they saw only natural facts, distorted

and misunderstood. They only try to remove the impression which the imagination and credulity of the sacred writers have added to the facts, and to restore their naturalness. In this, according to Renan, they signally fail. The examples which he gives from Paulus justify his opinion. Yet, because some of these special interpretations are forced, it is not just to condemn them altogether, or to condemn the system from which they proceed. "Dry" and "coarse" as this explanation is, it has nevertheless helped very much in the understanding of many details of Scripture.

Renan, however, in condemning the rationalists, is not an apologist for the mythologues. The Christ of Strauss is logical, but not real. The story of his life may have legend in it, like the story of all great prophets; but this legend is not myth, not invented fable, to illustrate some quality or function, but is the natural tradition which fastens itself to eminent wisdom or sanctity. No theory can be satisfactory which discards or undervalues the historical personality of Jesus. The formation of such myths about an imaginary personage is impossible.

Renan's criticism of the theory of Salvador, that Christ was only a Jewish reformer, the founder of a sect, and that the substance of Christianity is all in Judaism, is not so full as we could wish. The Jewish view of Christ is quite as worthy of heed as the mythical view. Apart from its hatred of the heretic, it has at least that point of observation from which Renan says that the best judgment comes.

The closing portion of this essay — in which Renan affirms that the Oriental mind must have miracles, and against this affirms that the sure word of science is that nothing is supernatural, in which he raises questions that he says criticism never can satisfactorily meet, concerning the self-consciousness and the sinlessness of Jesus — shows very strikingly the wavering mind of this fine scholar, uncertain of his theories by reason of his lingering attachments, shaken in his faith by the traditions of his early love.

The sixth essay — that on "Mahomet and the Origins of Islam" — is the longest, the ablest, and the most satisfactory of the collection. Renan is at ease when he has to treat a

religion historical from its outset, simple in all its structure, with no mystery in its beginning, and with very small accretion of miracle. He does not, nevertheless, fix the moral position of this innovator, notwithstanding the lifelike pictures of the habits of the man which he gives. He brings before us Mohammed's love for women and children, his gentleness, his caution, his characteristic traits, but is not quite clear respecting his claim to a mission from God. That the morality of the prophet was doubtful, Renan will not deny; but only insists that he must not be judged severely, since the Semitic idea does not include scrupulous morality. How far his immediate followers believed in his mission, too, is a question. He had a few devoted adherents, but even during his own life there were apostates from his doctrine, and after his death there was open denial of his claim among those who used his name and methods. The whole first century of the history of Islam was a struggle between sects and parties. The sects of Islam, in its earliest ages, were far more numerous than the early Christian heresies, and their speculations even more audacious and extravagant.

Renan positively denies to Islam the honor of novelty or originality. Mohammed originated nothing, but only used what he found. His Koran, a collection of scattered sermons, is remarkable mainly for literary beauty,—for that lusciousness of style in which Arabs delight. It is redundant in words, full of repetitions, and not wanting in contradictions, two hundred and twenty-five of which Mussulmans acknowledge. It propounds no new dogma; it offers no new promise; it contains no new scheme of policy or of worship. Islam is only the summing up, in a perfect and condensed expression, of the whole spiritual life of the Semitic race,—the gathering of its religious, æsthetic, and moral ideas. It is a strong religion, because it is so simple. And though it has never had a religious centre,—though it has had no hierarchy and no Pope,—it has, by its very flexibility, great force of resistance. Its four sects, equally orthodox, offer a choice to the believer. Yet, in the opinion of Renan, it is destined to succumb, not perhaps beneath the attacks of another religion, but beneath the blows of the rational sciences and the progress of thought.

Passing over the estimate of Calvin, which adds little to the current opinion on the subject, we have in the essay on "Channing, and the Unitarian Movement in the United States," a generous admission of the high motive, the pure life, the genuine philanthropy, the honesty of thought, the liberality, and the charity which marked the Boston preacher, and made him worthy to be honored as a leader. Yet he is not satisfied with the work which Channing did, or which he proposed. He does not find in him the evidence of large scholarship or large thought. Channing is not a philosopher; his knowledge is all at second hand; he is cramped in his belief, timid, unwilling to leave the old traditional forms, though he rejects so vehemently some dogmas of the popular creed. He is not a remarkable writer either, making no effort in style, and showing no mark of genius. He has no comprehension of Europe, and cannot put himself in any position outside the circle of his ethical creed. All must centre for him in the thought of God's goodness, of man's worth, of Christ's moral teaching, and of the soul saved by learning and practising virtue. Such doctrine as this, Renan avers, will not do for France, will not do for Europe. It is too narrow; it lacks sentiment; it gives a respectable, but not an inspiring religion; and it does not meet all the wants of the soul.

Unitarianism, the Unitarianism of Channing, as Renan views it, may create an enlightened population, but cannot bring a grand culture. It may educate the masses, but it cannot lead in the progress of knowledge, or satisfy the highest desire of earnest minds. It neglects too much the variety of elements which give worth and beauty to life; has too little recognition of art, and of other than moral motives. "Goodness is not adequate to solve the problem of things." The Unitarian theory fails, because it takes no account of genius or knowledge, as factors in the completeness of the world. Italy, with all its social miseries and corruptions, has been worth more to the world than America, with all its moral future, is likely to be. In this estimate we see, again, the hold which early education, the memory of the Catholic mother, the charm of sacred emblems, has upon the sad critic. Renan does not believe in man as Channing believed, does not believe in the people, does

not believe in the immortal destiny and the surpassing worth of the soul. He will have a religion which gratifies the cultivated sense ; which says not too much about duty and conscience and the other world ; which brings images of beauty, and leaves to the burdened spirit the solace of a pleasant dream.

In the essay on "Feuerbach and the Hegelian School," Renan complains of these German assailants of the Gospel, that they show no comprehension of its beauty,—that they are so regardless of all that is graceful and charming in the legends which they reject. Paganism cannot judge the Gospel fairly in modern, more than it could in ancient times. The Greek mind cannot understand the Christian mind. At the same time, it is hard to tell in this essay whether Renan prefers the Christian to the Pagan style, whether he prefers the Virgin to Venus and Minerva, or the "Man of Sorrows" to Hercules and Apollo. He defends the Christian against the Pagan idea only in a languid and halting style ; apologizes rather for holding to the Christian words God, Providence, Immortality, — "good old words, a little clumsy perhaps, which philosophy will interpret in finer and finer senses, but which it will never fill the place of to advantage." And his idea of adoration is the loss of personality in the contemplation of what is good and true. There is in this piece a painful undertone of doubt, a half-sympathy with the German atheist, which seems restrained by something else than faith, and which excuses itself from going farther by the pretext that it does not like the spirit of the atheist. Has Renan no better reason for holding on to the word God, than that the loss of this word would overturn the uses of language, and cut one off "from the sources of poetry in the past" ? Can he find no other use for God to a philosopher, than as "the category of the ideal" ? Is this Being only to him the result in love of "faculties vibrating in unison" ?

The tenth and final essay of this volume is on the "Future of Religion in Modern Society." In the form of a review of Salvador's last work, on Paris, Rome, and Jerusalem, it answers the question, Will there be any new form of religion to satisfy the needs of the present and the coming time, or will

some modification of the existing creeds be found sufficient? It is easy to decide that Judaism has no future in civilization. Islam, too, has practically done its work. Christianity alone has a hope of future growth, and will be superseded by no form of socialism, or so-called "religions of humanity." The question is, then, really narrowed to the existing forms of the Christian religion. Will all of these be factors in the coming product, or will one of these overcome the rest? Will the Greek Church, or the Roman Church, or the Protestant Church, have the dominant influence in the coming development of the nations?

The answer of Renan is, that all the churches will continue to exist, nor are their relative proportions in parts of the world already civilized likely to be much disturbed. The Greek Church, continuing to hold its place as the religion of the East, of the Russian empire, and of the Slavic peoples, will perhaps spread by its missions over Northern Asia, and finally gain the vast multitudes that are now chained to the Buddhist superstitions. Protestantism, holding its own in Europe, seems destined to gain the isles of the sea, to possess the best conquests that Christendom has already made. The Roman Church, keeping all the South of Europe, will find room for its missions along the Mediterranean coasts, in Africa, and in some parts of America. But missions have done comparatively little in extending the reach and sway of Christendom. Conquest and colonization carry religion with them, far more than the sermons of the preachers or the rites of the altars. The more secular the mission, the more it deals with material things, the more sure it is of success and a stable future.

To decide the future of a church, it must be considered in its relation to the state. There are three forms which this relation assumes: the church free, as in America; dependent on the state, as in England and Sweden; centralized and independent, as in Rome. Which of these best realizes the ideal of modern civilization?

Not the church dependent on the state. England in the barrenness of its theological thought, Sweden in its bigotry, and Russia in its servility, show well enough what is the natural tendency of this arrangement. If France is an exception,

it is because the spirit of the Revolution still rules in France, and all the churches there are national.

The history of the Roman Church shows that its system is not incompatible with culture, refinement, science, and a certain measure of freedom. But no arrangement with other states can secure the position of such a church. There is the spirit of nationality, which says that Italy is for the Italians, not for the Church. There is the ever-increasing preponderance of great states, making the Papal government weak and contemptible in the comparison. There is the change in the Papacy itself, governing now by secular means, and not merely as head of the Church. And there is the changed religious sentiment, which is shocked and disgusted at the worldliness of the Papal rule. These difficulties seem to refuse the rule of the future to the theory of a centralized church.

There seems, then, no alternative but to give the future into the charge of the free Protestantism which knows no church, but only churches; and, in the last result, knows no organization of faith, but only freedom of individual thought. In this freedom there is no danger. The "normal man" is always religious; the finest natures are the most religious. There is no fear that the world will, by freedom of thought, pass into materialism or atheism, or that daring science will diminish the universe in which God rules.

"Let us not bewail the childish chimeras of the childish epochs. Dream always fades before reality. Let us allow inflexible science to assail with the utmost vigor of its method these problems which sentiment and imagination solved ages ago. Who knows that the metaphysics and the theology of the past will not hold the same relation to those which the advance of speculation will one day reveal, that the Cosmos of Anaximenes or of Indicopleustes holds to the Cosmos of Laplace and Humboldt?"

It is to be regretted that this dignified, and, in the main, impartial series of discussions, has followed in the order of translation, instead of coming before, that "Life of Jesus" which disposes readers to doubt the sagacity and suspect the fairness of this fascinating treatment of theological themes. If all the conclusions of the volume are not satisfactory; if

some of its principles are questionable, it is in no sense a flippant book. It is the work of a calm, fearless, and reverent spirit, struggling to be loyal to the truth, yet to be just to every form of error. All vituperation will fall harmless upon a soul which knows its honest motive so well, and is so serious in its trust.

ART. VII.—EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

Life of Edward Livingston. By CHARLES HAWES HUNT. *With an Introduction by* GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: Appleton & Co. 1864.

THERE is many a young man who has made his bow before an audience of his contemporaries,—has spoken well for six, eight, or twelve minutes, according to his worth, on the “Nebular Hypothesis,” or the “Rosierucian Fraternity,”—has then been authorized to speak in public as often as he may be asked to do so,—and, lastly, has entertained his friends with salad and ice-cream, all in token that he has received what men used to call “the best education their country can afford,”—who then, at this moment satirically called “Commencement,” asks, like another Bruce at another Nile, What is the good of it all? What shall he do with the “best education” now it is gained? True, many a man through all the years which have led to that moment has kept some special end in sight, to which that moment, by its distinct forward step, advances him. Many a man, in the careful thought and under the serious advice of the last three months, makes the fatal decision which gives the world another Allston, or another Burr. But many a young man wonders what the whole thing is good for,—what he is to do with this life of his, now he is bidden at last to live in it; and is more at loss after he has been *educed* into it than he would have been had John Harvard, and Elihu Yale, and their coadjutors and successors, let him alone.

To all such inquirers, each asking “what he shall do with

it," the Examiner has always had one and the same answer. The young American who has no special business assigned him by the kind God who assigns offices to all, is to go forth and found states. That is the general duty belonging to men of adventure, culture, wealth, or power, if they have found no special service next their hands. As Abraham went west and founded Israel, — as Cadmus went west and founded Thebes, — as Æneas went west and founded Rome, — as Augustine and his forty went west and founded Christian Britain, — as Brewster and his hundred came west and founded Plymouth, — as Winthrop and his thousands came west and founded Massachusetts, Faneuil Hall, popular education, and some other edifices with the founding, — so is it the province of every American of cultivation, of conscience, of wealth, or other influence, who cannot find distinct duty at home marked out for him, to devote his culture or other power to the direction and purification of the steady westward tide. Let him build railroads in Michigan; let him direct mining in Idaho or Keweenaw; let him build dams across the Red River; let him preach to good purpose in Chicago. Always there is this present duty, — next every man's hand, — in seeing that the legions which spring earth-born from the clod in the new lands do not raise fratricidal hands against each other, — that they do not vegetate in stupidity, — that they do not die in malaria, — that they receive of the very freshest, best, and brightest of the culture of the past. They must be made into States, and these States must be as strong and pure as they are young.

In these later days, our advice has been generally taken, even before it was offered. The army has called on our educated young men to help in the establishing of free States; and, with very manly promptitude, they have heard the call. One great illustration this, on a gigantic scale, that it is not always a young man's duty to stay in his father's home, taking care of the various fragments which a former generation may have scattered there, but that there is always a field beyond one's first horizon in which the energies of his manhood may be displayed.

Edward Livingston's life illustrates the wider duty in the

experience of the generation which has just now passed away. He was born on the 26th of May, 1764. He was old enough, therefore, to witness, with all a boy's enthusiasm, the struggles of the Revolution.

Brother of Robert Livingston, afterwards Chancellor, brother-in-law of General Richard Montgomery, the boy had good chance to catch the best inspirations of the conflict. He was near enough to it, indeed, to see his mother's house, and the village in which he was at school, burned by the forces under Vaughan, which co-operated with Burgoyne. He entered Princeton with the first class after the College renewed its work, which had been interrupted by Howe's occupation of Princeton, and subsequent military operations. In 1783 he began the study of the law, and in 1785 its practice in the city of New York. He interested himself, and did his share in bringing the great family interest of the Livingstons to bear, in securing the acceptance by New York of the Federal Constitution. At the age of thirty he was elected to the national House of Representatives, and he appears there as a leader of the infant party then taking up its opposition to Washington and his policy. In the celebrated debates on Jay's treaty, he appears among those who claim the right of the House to call for papers, and to veto a treaty agreed upon by the President and Senate.

His biographer implies, with the tone of many literary men, — who are surprised by the neatness, purity, and elegance of the early debates in Congress, — that there were gods in those days, or, if not gods, giants; and that in our days we cannot match them, or do not. It is true that the speeches which literary men chose to write out in those times compare favorably with the pitiless stenographic reports of everything that is said in the Congresses of to-day; it is also true that constituencies do not look first, in our times, for young gentlemen of fortune and literary training as their representatives, — but we doubt if they did then; it is also true that men of sense do not quote Virgil or Thomson in debate now, — but fools do, — and it is all a matter of fashion. There are a thousand spheres for activity for men of genius and power now, much more attractive and much more influential than is the cell occupied by a member

of Congress while he is imprisoned in the Capitol. Such men as Edward Livingston, in our days, find their way to these posts, while, in the infancy of the nation, there was an interest in adjusting the new machine and starting it, which its running does not have, even in days of revolution. The members of the early Congresses were as good men as we have, — with fewer advantages than we have, — but they were not any stronger or any better. And we venture to aver that twenty speeches as good as that of Mr. Livingston on Jay's treaty have been made in the much-abused Congress of the present year.

His Congressional career was a distinguished one. The part in it which gave him most popularity, perhaps, and sealed him as a distinguished Democratic leader, was his hearty opposition to the Alien and Sedition Laws. He showed that he apprehended thus early the real principle of our government, — the security, even the stability, which it gains by prudently letting alone as long as is possible. It seems it was not Robert Livingston who assisted in the draft of the Declaration of Independence that gave the name Livingston to five or six western counties, but the Edward Livingston who, as those counties were naming themselves, was leading the opposition to President Adams for the extradition of Thomas Nash, *alias* Jonathan Robbins, who had committed murder on a British man-of-war. This was not the Arguelles case of to-day. In theory, it turned on the question whether the President should have officially advised a judge of a Circuit Court. And although the resolutions of censure were defeated, they probably stopped such advice for at least one century. A curious anecdote, told ten years later, in the biography before us, shows the interest which the young Livingston gained through the new country by thus appearing to espouse the cause of foreigners. He followed up this act by a motion looking to the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Laws.

The reader must recollect that the population then of the whole country was less than that of the State of New York is at the present moment. He will understand, then, how it happened that the question whether a particular murderer should be hanged by one hangman or another should excite a degree of attention then which it does not excite now. The

Extradition Treaty of our day does the very thing which, in those times, so largely distressed the population of the West. But the country has larger interests now to grapple with, and we have never known that the Extradition Treaty was complained of in any quarter here. Men insist now — as they did then — that it shall not be abused to mere political purposes. But there has been no such intense animosity excited by it as was roused by the surrender of Robbins, and one or two similar cases. As we have ventured to imply, our government has learned, in the mean while, what the American principle is.

Livingston's steady vote for Jefferson in the great election in the House was the last act of his first career in Congress. He returned to the practice of the law, and was soon after appointed United States Attorney for the District of New York, and chosen Mayor of New York City.

His wife, born Miss Mary McEvers, had died a few years before this. This is what he sang of her, before their marriage, or rather wrote in a fly leaf of his "*Longinus*": —

"Longinus, give thy lessons o'er,
I do not need thy rules;
Let pedants on thy precepts pore,
Or give them to the schools.
The perfect beauty which you seek
In Anna's verse I find;
It glows on fair Eliza's cheek,
And dwells in Mary's mind."

Of the three sisters, he chose Mary, and a happy union of thirteen years justified the choice. His brother John married Eliza. Mrs. Edward Livingston died in 1801. In 1803, he had been chosen Mayor. The generous schemes which he then brought forward for pauper and for criminal already show the spirit of the Livingston code. In the discharge of his public duty in visiting homes and hospitals where yellow-fever raged, he took that disease. In the midst of the same calamity, a confidential clerk defrauded him and the United States government, — for Livingston was still serving as United States District Attorney. Livingston at once "confessed judgment" in favor of the United States, transferred all his property to a trustee to cover the debt (near fifty thousand dollars), re-

signed mayoralty and attorneyship at once, and, at thirty-nine years old, found himself indeed a sadder, wiser, and poorer man. Sad, for he had lost his wife ; wise, for he had learned that he must keep his own accounts ; poor, in that he was penniless.

At the moment when he was thus again launched naked upon the world, the cession of Louisiana to this nation had just been achieved. It was largely due to Robert R. Livingston,* the elder brother of Edward,—best known perhaps now as “the Chancellor.” The way was open for the widowed husband, the cheated attorney, the Congressman without a seat, to consecrate his pure spirit and his vigorous mind to the great work of forming states. He had come to that reserved duty, which, as we have said, belongs to all young Americans of character. He sailed, therefore, for New Orleans ; arrived there in February, 1804, to find a city of eight thousand and fifty-six persons, mostly “Frenchmen and Spaniards who had not seen France or Spain.” For the next twenty-five years, his name and his fame belong to Louisiana. For the first ten of these, it is mixed up with the intrigue and mystery and romance which connect with the names, half mythical, of Wilkinson and Nolan and Bollman and Burr and Carondelet, which make this period and region the especial romance period of our history for any man who writes of it as “’t was sixty years since.”

Louisiana was nominally his home for the next twenty-seven years of his life. In that time New Orleans grew in population from eight thousand people to forty-six thousand.

Livingston entered with deserved reputation upon his practice at the bar. He showed his sense, and he won popularity, by successful argument against the introduction of the common law practice into the courts of a community which, so far as it was trained at all, was trained to Spanish and French customs. He drew up himself a system of practice or procedure, which he says he could teach a man after he came to dine with him before dinner was served. In a community where the pleas in court were now in English, now in French,

* For all we can learn from this book this middle R. stands for nothing.

and now in Spanish,—and where an occasional German witness added savor to the Babel,—Livingston changed the language of his speech as rapidly as the men changed with whom he had to do. His practice became large and valuable.

Shall we say, Of course he speculated in land? Shall we say, Of course it was land mostly under water? There seems to have been a sort of fascination to men of genius in the reclaiming land from the sway of rivers or seas, ever since the Egyptian kings took, as the symbol of divinity and royalty, the water-key with which they locked out the waters of the Nile. Sindbad the sailor was himself ridden by one of these speculations, which is known in Mythus as the “Old Man of the Sea.” Livingston took a share in a certain Batture which would have made him very rich if all had succeeded, but which was his “Old Man of the Sea” for the greater part of his life. Jefferson, when President, not knowing whom he dealt with, destroyed the prospects of the speculation by a cool assumption of power, to which the interference of President Adams with the Circuit Courts, alluded to above, was only a trifle. Livingston had rebuked his political opponent for that usurpation, to suffer much the more terrible usurpation of his political friend. The transaction appears at length in these pages, and tumbles out one more stone from the decaying stucco monument of Jefferson’s cheap-built reputation.

Aaron Burr appears upon the canvass again,—and General Wilkinson undertakes to drag Livingston into the net which is closing around Burr and his accomplices. But there is no evidence of any complicity with Burr’s plans on the part of Livingston. Three facts only appear, in this history, for the student of all that imbroglio. First, that, when the Burr men wished to detach the New York members of Congress from voting for Jefferson, they approached Livingston, who did not accept their proposal, and said he would in no event vote for Burr. The second is, that he made a very poor joke one day when he escorted Theodosia Burr on a water-party. The third is, that he owed Burr fifteen hundred dollars. It was on the last fact that Wilkinson, the braggart and blunderer, built up his accusation.

Andrew Jackson came—with the war. Between him, the

rough and ready Democrat of the West, and Livingston, the philosophical Democrat of the East, there had been an acquaintance since they met in Congress years before. This acquaintance ripened into enthusiastic regard on both sides,—which was never broken, and which had afterwards an important influence on the political history of this country. Livingston placed at Jackson's disposal all his knowledge of the people, and of the topography of the land and water. He was his confidential adviser, his volunteer aid, and shared in all the excitements and difficulties of the campaign.

He had married again in 1805. His son Lewis had joined him in New Orleans, and his life was passed in the duties of his profession till the year 1820 brought him into the lower house of the Louisiana Assembly. Here he was a member of a commission which reduced to a code the whole law of the State relating to civil rights and remedies. This was the first, so far as we know, of the attempts at revision so frequently made since by our State legislatures, and the greater part of it was accepted. This is not what is known, however, as the "Livingston Code." That code, which was the labor of his life in which he took most interest, was a criminal code, which he prepared for the State, under direction of the General Assembly in 1821. This code was not completed until 1824. It was never adopted in form by any government, except the Republic of Guatemala. But its provisions relating to the abolition of capital punishment, to the humane and separate treatment of prisoners, and to their instruction and reform, have become widely known. The code has been translated into many languages, and is the work of Livingston with which his name is most distinctly connected in the minds of men.

In 1822 he was elected to the national House of Representatives, and in 1823 he returned thither and to his life on the Atlantic coast. It is a curious illustration, both of his own tastes and of the difficulty of travel in those days, that he revisited New Orleans but once in the next six years. At the end of this time, his constituents, in indignation, refused to re-elect the absentee. But the General Assembly of the State chose him to the United States Senate,—and his Washington

career continued, with no change but that from one house to the other.

The Jackson party had come into existence. Livingston's dislike of the Virginia coterie, and his regard for General Jackson, founded on his intimate acquaintance with him, brought him forward at once as his staunch supporter. In the unsuccessful trial of 1824, and in the successful one of 1828, he brought to bear his own influence in all parts of the country for the benefit of his chief. After the election, he was a cordial supporter of the President in the Senate, only differing from him, so far as appears, where everybody has found it wise to differ, on the Internal Improvement question. In 1831, he was called into the Cabinet as Secretary of State. The appointment surprised and delighted him. In a letter to his wife, he says:—

“Here I am in the second place in the United States,—some say the first; in the place filled by Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and by him who filled it before any of them, my brother; in the place gained by Clay at so great a sacrifice; in the very easy-chair of Adams; in the office which every politician looks to as the last step but one in the ladder of his ambition; in the very cell where the great magician,* they say, brewed his spells. Here I am without an effort, uncontrolled by any engagements, unfettered by any promise to party or to man.”

It did not occur to him, and perhaps does not occur to his biographer, that his acceptance of that office makes the precise era when it ceased to be in any man's esteem the first office of the state, or the stepping-stone to the succession. Mr. Van Buren had withdrawn from it, Mr. Livingston says, because he was a candidate for the succession. Mr. Livingston was appointed by General Jackson precisely because he was not. With the election of General Jackson came in that theory of our government which substituted the autocracy of the President, influenced from any quarter, for the decisions of a Cabinet. Livingston and his friends had thought it well to lift to that place a candidate who had not been trained in the traditions of the Cabinet,—had not been versed

* Usually called in history “the little magician.”

in our foreign diplomacy, — had not any of the odor of the bureaux clinging to him. We certainly have no disposition to find fault with them. We advise any party which ever has a chance to choose another General Jackson to choose him. If any rule must be adopted as a universal one, we have no doubt the rule adopted then would work best in the long run. It is evident enough, however, that the moment that rule was adopted, the Secretary of State ceased to be the prominent candidate for the succession to the Presidency. It may be added, that by that time our foreign relations had ceased to furnish the most interesting or the most important subject for our political discussions. It happens, accordingly, that from Livingston down no Secretary of State has become a President of the United States, with the single exception of Mr. Buchanan, — who was too convenient a puppet not to be used by the plotters of his time. Before Mr. Livingston's time, each of six Administrations had furnished one of its Secretaries of State to be a future President, with the single exception of Mr. Adams's. His Secretary, Mr. Clay, failed of an election, under the pressure of the new system, which came in, for better or worse, with General Jackson.

Mr. Livingston, it seems, did write General Jackson's celebrated Proclamation against the Nullifiers, Mr. Parton and Mr. Lewis to the contrary notwithstanding. He did not write the celebrated Veto Message which killed the Bank, popular rumor to the contrary notwithstanding. From the State Department he was transferred, in 1833, to France, where he showed great temper and spirit in that knotty matter of the French claims. He returned when his passports were offered him, but his policy ruled even General Jackson, and we received the money from the France which owed it, — which the General had unfortunately insulted. Mr. Livingston arrived in America in the summer of 1835. He had, since 1831, considered the Montgomery estate on the Hudson to be his home; and there, on the 23d of May, 1836, he suddenly died.

It is an excellent thing to have the life of so good a man so well edited as this is, after a generation. It is perhaps better that it should be done after a generation, than at the moment

of his death. Such a book gives us hope that, after all, we may have some time or other the history of the national government of our country,—or, if not we, that our grandchildren may. Perhaps all the negotiations between statesmen have not been left unrecorded; perhaps all the papers have not been burned; perhaps all the secrets have not died with the possessors. There is just a temptation to smile at the picture presented here, of a child of one of the few feudal families in America, born and educated in such purple as they had, trained in luxury, and accustomed to it his life through, going through a long life as an ultra-democrat,—friend of the masses of men and their favorite,—taking and giving the prizes and honors of office as if they were a part of the appanage of the Livingston manor, and dying near the place of his birth on that princely estate, while it had been convenient for him, for a considerable part of life, to accept the favors of a very distant community. But this is really, in no sense, any discredit to Livingston. He did believe in the people; the people did not know much about him, but the men whom the people liked did know about him. And it was a great deal better that such a man as he should be Secretary of State, or Minister to France, than it would have been to have Jack Cade in one of those places, or Henry Clay Pate in the other. So the smile must not be expanded into a satire. It is, in fact, with a grim satisfaction that we observe that, when the stout old General came to the throne, he took his own stalwart way of surrounding himself with able servants. Well if all Presidents would follow an example so notable!

Mr. Hunt's book is a eulogy, of course. Just as well. In Livingston's life there is enough to eulogize. And Mr. Hunt owns frankly to Livingston's chief fault,—that he could not be made to understand that debt unprovided for was wicked. We are tempted to borrow an epigram from a friend, and say, under such circumstances, that "debt is the Devil." Mr. Hunt does not make us feel that Livingston was a great man. He says his name will be remembered with those of Bacon, and Montesquieu, and Beccaria, and Bentham,—*if*—a partial remedy for certain chronic abuses should be found in a system substantially like his penal code. With regard to

which, this is to be said : it is one thing to make a code, — a great many people have made very good ones, — it is another thing to make one that will work, outside of Guatemala. That it shall work, the first necessity is that it shall be adopted. Mr. Livingston's code has thus far failed in this first test of its own value, and of the practical ability of its founder. He will probably be remembered about as much and as little as Beccaria and Bentham. Bacon and Montesquieu will survive a little longer.

Mr. Hunt's work seems to us well done, though a little careless in detail. We should have liked it better had he given us more of Livingston's own letters ; but it may be impossible to collect them now, and it may be that the family is not willing to have them printed. He gives rather more of Livingston's very poor jokes than are worth keeping ; — there is, however, one good one. Such faults are but trifles ; and Mr. Hunt has brought to his work a just sense of the democratic principles on which our government rests, and an evident desire to do justice to his distinguished hero.

ART. VIII. — A WORD ON THE WAR.

The Future, a Political Essay. By MONTGOMERY H. THROOP. New York : James G. Gregory.

IN the excitement of the double campaign, military and political, which is upon us now, — in the eager and proud hopes kindled by the one, and the immediate personal issues raised by the other, — it is not easy to win the public ear to the voice of criticism, however patriotically meant or wisely urged, especially when it speaks in a harsh, a sombre, and a desponding tone. The little book of Mr. Throop is indeed in strong contrast with that temper of the general mind indicated through most of its organs. Yet his dissent is from measures as to which the country has been exceedingly divided ; his warning is of difficulties and perils in the work of conquest or reconstruction, which certainly ought not to go unheeded ;

and we do not observe that, as to the immediate task before the administration and the country, his counsel differs practically from that of any other loyal citizen. As to the general policy of the war, the book is a strong and very able protest against that adopted by the administration and very generally accepted by army and people, — especially the cardinal measure of emancipation, and the government scheme of reconstruction. The argument is directed first, and mainly, against Mr. Sumner's theory of the forfeiture of State sovereignty by the rebellion; the individual rights of Southern citizens are maintained to be wholly intact; the government is held to be as much bound by its constitutional obligations towards them, as if the rebellion had never existed. To this theory the government pledged itself at the outset, both before the country and to foreign nations. Only seeming advantage, real weakness and peril, have come from transgressing that pledge. The emancipation proclamation, when it assumed to go beyond the case of slaves actually liberated by the progress of our arms, was not merely a military order, it was a revolutionary usurpation. So with the conditions of reconstruction demanded of the seceded States, — the dictation of revisions in the State Constitutions and local laws. These things are more than an injury, they are an unpardonable affront, a bitter insult, to a large, high-tempered, proud, united population, which has been drawn into secession by its false theory of "State Rights," and confirmed in it by invasion and the threats of conquest. The immense difficulties of ruling such a population by military force are shown at length, and the impossibility of sustaining State governments among them worthy of the name, unless with the good-will and sincere co-operation of the actual citizens there. To overrule the four or five millions of white inhabitants, either by giving the franchise to emancipated slaves, or by immigration of free colonists, is shown to be a delusive hope. The war is deplored as merely a calamity, — gigantic, all but hopeless, inevitable perhaps, but aggravated by mistakes of policy which have nearly, if not quite, made it fatal to the liberties and future of the country. Still, we are in it now. Returning were more fatal than to go on. To withdraw our armies from the

field, and abandon the contest, would be mere national suicide. The unhappy conflict must continue, until the nation shall have so thoroughly asserted its strength that terms of peace are likely to be accepted by the rebellious population. Then,—and in anticipation of that time,—those needless barriers to peace must be removed. Emancipation, as a fact, cannot be gainsaid or revoked. Emancipation, as an edict of arbitrary power, must be submitted to judicial decision. The point of pride thus spared them, the defeated population may be prepared to acquiesce in the result,—humiliating and grievous as it must needs be,—yet without the sting of an utter political degradation, and without the motive for hostilities without end.

The argument is fair, able, calmly stated, and deserving of serious heed before the war has drifted us into the deeper perils of a vindictive animosity (of which we see few signs as yet) or of revolutionary frenzy. There are two points, however, which are not duly considered in it. One is the evil character of the slave system itself, considered as the foundation of the political structure, and the proved hopelessness of combining it on equal and friendly terms in the same system with a free democracy. The other is the great prevalence and earnestness of the conviction, among the real loyalists of the South,—whom the government is bound by every consideration of honor to protect and of interest to recognize as the true nucleus of State power there,—that slavery must be done away, by force of the national arms, if not otherwise, as the condition precedent to any peace or civil order. To both these points we have previously given some attention, and we shall not dwell longer upon them now. Neither shall we discuss how far one of the most serious difficulties presented by Mr. Throop may be met, by the natural growth of a system of free industry at the South, beginning, indeed, with freedmen and colonists, yet embracing by degrees more and more of the industrial interests of that community. There is a further consideration, touching the timeliness or practicability of his main argument; namely, the actual temper and resolution of the public mind, as generated in the progress of the war, and as likely to be strengthened rather than weakened by the contin-

uance of it. This must surely be taken into the account, as one element in the political problem thus offered.

If we compare now with this view the declaration of principles made lately by the two Conventions, at Cleveland (May 31) and at Baltimore (June 7), to see in what cardinal points they coincide, we shall find that these points — on which appeal is made by both the rival organizations to the great tribunal of the ballot — not only are in contradiction of the premises assumed in the above argument, but that they are precisely what, two years ago, either lay doubtful and wavering in the general mind, or else were quite beyond the horizon of our political consciousness, and what, two years earlier than that, could have claimed organized support nowhere. They are these : —

1. The crushing of secession by force of arms, and without compromise, — assuming a right denied by Mr. Buchanan, disowned by Mr. Douglas, and doubtfully admitted by Mr. Lincoln, — a right, moreover, so formidably challenged in the fall elections of 1862.

2. The absolute overthrow of slavery by an amendment in the Constitution, — the very point which all parties were agreed to repudiate, by express constitutional provision, on the very eve of the insurrection ; only the neglect of the State legislatures to act upon it apparently preventing this further embarrassment from getting definitely fixed upon us.

If we look, further, at that declaration of principles which is understood to embody the views of the present administration, and which probably reflects fairly the average mind of the nation, we find in it the proof of an extraordinary advance toward radical principles, such as revolutionary times only could bring about, — an advance mainly, indeed, in the direction of justice, liberty, unity, and national vigor, yet such as makes the present acceptance of Mr. Throop's argument the more doubtful. We find in it, —

1. The full indorsement of the government policy of military emancipation, — a measure which was approached with so much hesitation and reluctance in the autumn of 1862.

2. The demand for "the full protection of the laws of war for all men employed in our armies, without distinction of

color," — a measure of justice as to which the administration has seemed to us criminally vacillating, and which the horrors of Fort Pillow, Plymouth, and the Red River force with startling emphasis upon us now. We find in these words, also, a rebuke to the discreditable and strange reluctance of Congress to symbolize that equal claim by equal pay.

With these illustrations of the growth of general sentiment among us, it seems impossible to make any *immediate* application of the argument for compromise and reconciliation. Our reliance, for the present, must be on other methods. "We accepted this war, and did not begin it," said President Lincoln the other day, at Philadelphia; "we accepted it for an object, and *when that object is accomplished*, the war will end." It is in the courage to go forward — the courage which grows stronger under difficulties, and more obstinate in disaster and defeat — that we find our present augury for the future of the republic. Since the first mustering for the defence of Washington, how many seasons of darkest peril, how many weary times of hope deferred, what a weight of public anxieties and private griefs! Yet never has so much of the nation's hope and strength been staked on a single cast, as now, in the advance of our left wing upon Richmond, and of our right upon Atlanta. The great steps in this war have been very decisive, but slow, and very far apart. It is not quite a year since we thought we saw, in the sundering of the rebellion by the opening of the Mississippi, and the definite foiling of its aggressive vigor in the one decisive conflict on Northern soil, and in the occupation of the great natural fortress of Eastern Tennessee, the pledge that the rebellion was exhausted of its best strength, and must rush to a speedy end. That summer's work has not to be done again. But, as we push on at what seem now the two vital points of the Confederacy, we find in it a wonderful recruiting of its resources, — armies larger, stronger, better fed, clad, and armed, than those we had to meet two years ago.* On the other hand, by all the testimony

* One question, which had perplexed us a good deal, finds a partial solution in the following paragraph, which we copy from the "Advocate of Peace": —

"The London Daily News gave, not very long ago, the names of no less than ten steamers which had recently cleared from British ports, with cargoes of arms

we can get, whatever infirmity of purpose, or inauspicious doubt, may exist elsewhere, the will of the army is strong, and its heart perplexed by no fears. Thus far, the enthusiastic confidence of the nation goes with those two great hosts. The time has not come yet to fathom the consequences of failure there, or ponder the remedies of a possible defeat. The tremendous barriers of the "Wilderness" and of Chattanooga being once conquered or crossed, the boldness which moves so swiftly towards the heart of the hostile power reflects but fairly the assurance of success which has taken so strong hold upon the public mind.

As we watched from a distance the gathering of the forces for these two main movements, it was rather with a certain restlessness and impatience than with any serious alarm that we saw the series of lesser failures and disasters which served as the Spring prelude to the season's work. The sudden repulse in Florida, the raid and massacre in Kentucky, the cruel loss in North Carolina, the lingering siege of Charleston, the failure in Texas and at Mobile, and, lastly, the disaster and ignominious retreat near Shreveport, nearly costing us the noble river-fleet and army of the Southwest, — these, accompanied as they were with ferocities that have made the name of the rebellion more than ever execrable, have had scarce any other effect than that on the temper or imagination of the North. Except in the deepening passion of vengeance

and munitions of war for the rebels. The aggregate of the shipments by nine of these vessels is as follows: —

Cannon,	58	Ball cartridges,	5,494,000
Muskets,	20,960	" (cases),	500
Rifles,	69,080	Percussion caps,	20,650,000
Pistols,	490	Gunpowder (lbs.)	648,000
Shells,	2,800	Saltpetre (bbls.)	400."
" (cases)	810		

To help balance the account, we find in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* an estimate of the amount of cotton shipped to England through the blockade, amounting to \$26,000,000. So true it is that this life and death struggle of freedom and slavery gets its support from abroad, and is kept up purely as a paying commercial speculation!

The Liverpool merchants, we are told, are alarmed at their own enormous gains as silent partners of the "Alabama" pirates, and are urging on the British government to amend the "Foreign Enlistment Act" so as to mean neutrality.

in the race so cruelly outlawed and so scantily protected in the harsh "rights of war," so brutally butchered when surrendered and disarmed,—except in the increased perplexities of our government from the alternative of dishonor or the horror of retaliation,*—these losses of detail leave scarcely a mark on the mind of a people which has sternly braced itself to do the one necessary thing, and to count no cost or losses it may meet on the way to that. Judged by all accessible symptoms, neither the army nor the nation has maintained, at any period of the contest, a temper more firm, more proud, more free from doubt or hesitation, than at this hour.

And this is not from any blindness or blunting of the sense as to the increasing horrors of such a war. We know we must continue to feel them,—in the stories of atrocities committed, in the private losses and griefs, in the dreadful havoc among the strongest, ablest, most loyal and intelligent portion of our population, in the strain on public credit, in the burdens of taxation and the expanding costs of living. We know that in time of war a country must be growing poorer in wealth and poorer in men; that in time of war the shadow of a vague, great dread can never be lifted from the horizon. All this we know and feel more deeply, more nearly, as the months roll on. But it is all overbalanced by the one greater dread of what might be, if the resolution and the struggle were once relaxed. That great, though vague and all but unspoken dread, is one more element in the general resolution and hope,—one more source of military strength,—one more pledge of ultimate success.

We fully believe, and have always maintained, that when the primary object of the war is once effected,—the full vindication of the national supremacy and integrity,—then, whatever terms are granted should be as generous to the interests and as merciful to the pride of the defeated section as is consistent with the security we seek first. That these terms will virtually, even if not expressly, include the extermination of slavery, we entertain no doubt. But it is idle to

* Is it meant as an ingenious and bloodless retaliation for these atrocities, at Fort Pillow, Plymouth, N. C., and elsewhere, that the Confederate prisoners are duly subjected to the supreme humiliation of being put in charge of a negro guard?

speculate on details which to-morrow's disaster may fling to the winds, or to-morrow's victory make as simple and easy as they now seem far off and all but hopeless. For ourselves, we have great reliance, when it comes to the last, on the native good sense and the inveterate *good humor* of our population, which underlies all the horrors of the war, and perpetually crops out, in the lull of battle, or the quiet of the hospital. We firmly refuse to believe that the North and South are inhabited by natural enemies, or that the existing feud is going to be at all irreconcilable. Each year, each month of war may do something to make it seem harder to heal its scars and soothe its resentments. But each month brings us, at any rate, so much the nearer to the day when these questions must be met as practical ones, face to face; and when that day shall come, we believe its own light will be sufficient for its task.

ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THE arguments and discussions of Dr. Dewey on topics of religion or philosophy are distinguished from those of any other writer we know, of anything like equal ability, by being the expression of strong *personal* feeling and conviction. No sermons come so near as his to the ideal of being a personal, and as it were confidential, communication with the heart of the listener. In none do we find so much what we are apt to call the tone of *confession*,—meaning by this, not the acknowledgment of guilt in those general terms which are so certain to be morbid or else insincere, but the uttering of a profound and heartfelt experience. In none is the thought so apparently steeped and dissolved in emotion; in none does the language so naturally fall into phrases of personal communication beginning with the pronoun *I*; in none that we remember is there so easy and natural an avenue of sympathy between speaker and hearer. And the argument, however familiar, has to a singular degree the freshness and the power which always belong to the first-hand record of the experience of a living man.

These are very high qualities, among the highest, of pulpit oratory,—that which is directly addressed to the heart and conscience of a miscellaneous living auditory; and they place Dr. Dewey, in the estimation of some good judges, in the very front rank of preachers, of any country or time. The same qualities, to a great degree, characterize the vol-

ume of Lectures,* just published, which deal with the old but unexhausted problem of human destiny. The volume has a double interest, as argument and as testimony: perhaps it would not be undervaluing the former, to say that we have found it more interesting in the latter way. The habit of Dr. Dewey's mind is synthetic, positive, apt to believe, assert, and feel. In the analytical portion of his task, we do not find the clear critical understanding which fits him, in abstract argument, to meet such scientific thinkers as Comte, Mill, and Spencer, or such speculative thinkers as Hegel and Hamilton, on equal terms. Indeed, the only reference he makes to the value of "abstruse philosophy" is to the moral emotion produced by Dugald Stewart's eloquent expositions. Yet the topic presupposes some acquaintance with the words, if not familiarity with the moods, of the great metaphysicians. Such matters as the argument from Design, the problem of moral Evil, and the liberty of the Will, could not be even tolerably discussed without reference to the highest and abstractest schools of metaphysics. Nor do we find lack of an acquaintance with that department of the literature of the subject sufficient for the author's purpose. Only, the acquaintance which it does evince is that of a sympathetic, imaginative, appreciative reader, — one in the best sense synthetic and eclectic, — rather than that of a critical student, who aims to compass, fathom, qualify and compare. The references — to Leibnitz, for example, (whose "Théodicée" seems to have been the text-book most frequently consulted,) to Mackintosh, Comte, Voltaire, Guyot, Heeren, and others — show the acquaintance of the general reader with the lines of thought in review, rather than the mastery of the philosophic thinker. It is not to disparage, but to distinguish and classify the book, that it is necessary to say thus much of the theoretical basis of its argument.

We have said that it is more interesting to us as testimony. We have the strongest sense of the value — the intellectual value we mean, and not merely moral or æsthetic — of a clear, intelligent verdict from one familiar with many of the highest walks of literature, and many forms of human experience, upon the topics here brought into review. After all, this first-hand testimony is the mental material which metaphysicians have to analyze and pronounce upon as best they may. We appreciate it the more, as a protest against some intellectual tendencies which we may possibly have shared, which seem to us to be getting unduly predominant in the leading thought of the day; — the tendency, for example, to refuse the evidence of intelligent cause and effect, of moral design, of a conscious Providence, in the world of natural things. For ourselves, we cleave with great attachment to the old-fashioned argument from Design. Doubtless, Paley's statement of it needs revising; and perhaps we have got to habituate ourselves to Spencer's extremely abstract exposition of the "conditions of existence," before we are entitled fairly to rehabilitate the good old argument in the respect of philosophers. But meanwhile it is well that it should not be lost sight

* The Problem of Human Destiny; or, The End of Providence in the World and in Man. [A Course of Lowell Lectures.] By ORVILLE DEWEY. New York: James Miller. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 8vo. pp. 275.

of. And we confess to a particular mental satisfaction when we find such fresh illustrations of it as are given us here from physical geography, and from the natural history and social constitution of mankind.

We are grateful, too, for the new argument, or testimony, in favor of the benevolence of the Creator, — that attribute which modern science does not so much deny as it forgets. We like the downright, honest optimism which says:—

“I believe that all is well. I believe that all is the best possible. Understand me, however. I hold to optimism in this sense; not that man’s work is the best possible, but that God’s work is the best possible,—is the *utmost* that it was possible for Divine power and wisdom to do for man. . . . I do not believe that the good Being would have *created* a moral system which in its freedom was certain to run down to utter destruction and misery. I believe he saw that it could, with his care and aid, travel upward, higher and higher through ages. But I do not believe that it was possible, in the nature of things, to exclude pain and weariness, or stumbling and wandering, from the path that shall conduct it to the heights, to the ever-rising heights, of virtue and happiness.” — pp. 49, 50.

Among the fine illustrations of this thought — which recurs more familiarly, perhaps, than any other in the book, and makes in fact the key-note of its argument — we reckon the very felicitous and sympathetic statement of the moral value of life among uninstructed nations (p. 115); the profound and eloquent statement of the working out of moral retribution in human life (p. 111); the imaginative sympathy seen in the appreciation of religious superstitions (p. 214), and of the value of illusions, as having their place in the providential scheme of education (p. 169). In brief, we would refer the student of the great “problem of human destiny” to this volume, not only, or chiefly, to find reasons for intellectual certitude, or to get a sufficient verdict on the opinions of those who in all ages have discussed that problem; but rather, to get a clearer, more vivid, and profounder apprehension of what the problem is, — its moral meaning, and its conditions in human experience, — than he will find in any similar work which we can at present recall.

HISTORY.

THE discoveries which have been made in the present century, not merely of monuments of the ancient civilization in Mesopotamia, but of the affinity of races at remote periods in the East, have but increased the fascination of those investigations to which they have given a scientific form. For three thousand years the currents of the European civilization have been tinged with the colors which were imparted to them by the Semitic and Indo-European races. But at an earlier period the dominant civilization of the world — itself, for anything that we know, but the result of long preceding phases in the progress of men — was the attribute and the possession of a different branch of the human family. Egypt and Babylon — Mizraim and Nimroud — preceded Judæa and Greece. The nations that we know as Chaldæan and Assyrian are the successors, after several centuries of emigration, of that ancient race which filled the valley of the Nile with the mystery

of its religion and the wonders of its power. The Asiatic Æthiopia, of which the Greeks hinted the existence and the vastness, ridiculed as it has been by modern scholars, is proclaimed by all the faces which look out upon us from the marbles of Nineveh.

To combine and present the results of the investigations which have thus far been made, is the object of Mr. Rawlinson in the work of which the second volume has now appeared.* From the monuments which have been disinterred in Mesopotamia, he claims that the languages of the nations to whom they are to be ascribed may be recovered and interpreted. But if the translations are to rest upon no better foundation than the arbitrary and apparently childish significance given to the hieroglyphics which are explained in the first volume, it will take us a good while to rest with confidence in the history thus written. What Movers has done for Phœnicia, and Wilkinson for Egypt, Mr. Rawlinson aims to do for the Five Nations. The first volume was devoted to Chaldæa and Assyria, the second continues and concludes the account of Assyria.

The Assyrian Canon, discovered and edited by Sir H. Rawlinson, taken in connection with the Canon of Ptolemy, carries the *exact* chronology of Assyria from the close of the empire to the tenth century before Christ, and, with the help of stray dates and conjectures, Mr. Rawlinson carries the age of the Assyrian monarchy back to the seventeenth century. Thus the date of the thirteenth century before Christ, which may be taken as the average conclusion of modern scholars, who have been so sadly divided upon the question, may still be considered not so far out of the way. We know, however, that the Assyrians moved away very early from the vicinity of Chaldæa to a position farther north, while of the reign of Tiglath-Pileser I., 1130 B. C., there is a long account preserved to us in the well-known inscription of which translations were published in 1857. In the twelfth century before Christ, Assyria was a compact and powerful kingdom, with a great capital, ruling over many subject tribes, the kingdom of Babylon strong and centralized on its southern frontier. But the rise of the Hebrew monarchy seems to have eclipsed its splendor, for just at that period the Assyrian empire passed under a cloud, from which it took two centuries to emerge. Early in the eighth century, however, it is found grasping Babylon with one hand and Philistia with the other, while the colossus of its power stood with one foot on the shores of the Caspian Sea and the other on the banks of the Nile. But the doom of the ancient civilizations was ever throwing its dark shadow upon the splendor of its glory. Like the empire of Rome, which after so many centuries succeeded and surpassed it in Europe, this empire of Asia fell to pieces, exhausted in its struggles with the Scythian hordes that came sweeping in upon it through the passes of the Caucasus.

* The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World ; or, The History, Geography, and Antiquities of Chaldæa, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia, collected and illustrated from Ancient and Modern Sources. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford ; late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College. In Four Volumes. Vol. II. London : John Murray. 1864.

The account of Semiramis, as given by Mr. Rawlinson, is a good instance of the havoc which is made by modern discoveries with the ancient myths. Heeren and Niebuhr, indeed, had already pronounced her a fable, but the two rude statues of the god Nebo recently discovered, belonging to the reign of Iva-Lush IV., B. C. 810, disclose the fact that she was the Babylonian wife of that Emperor by whom he acquired the right to reign conjointly in Babylonia and Assyria, for they are dedicated by the artist "to his lord Iva-Lush IV., and his lady *Sammuramit*." And from the fact that Assyrian women are never mentioned in inscriptions, and never appear in sculpture, this solitary appearance of the Assyrian queen was the occasion, in the course of ages, for the highest flights of the Oriental fancy. She became the Assyrian empress, who had ruled the world from India to Ethiopia; and, passing on to the Greeks and Romans, became as famous for her beauty as Helen, and for her vices as Messalina.

THE two volumes of the new edition of Merivale's "Romans" last issued* contain a most elaborate, thorough, and interesting study of that great period of transition from the death of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 44) to that of Augustus (B. C. 14). A period of thirty years only, yet perhaps more complete in its record and valuable in its instruction than any other like portion of the ancient world. Mr. Merivale has taken peculiar care here to leave no single thing unfinished that would help to a complete judgment of the period and the men. If any dissatisfaction could be found with his work, it would be, we should think, dissent from his judgments and opinions — a somewhat hazardous dissent — or from his sympathies, which he neither conceals nor forces upon the reader. His position has been called that of a "qualified Cæsarism"; and as Cæsarism, under its new manifestation in France, is one of the political creeds and perils of the day, a republican reader will now and then protest against the undue admiration of the great Julius, or the unqualified verdict which is implied, as to the need, the wisdom, and the success of the career of Octavius, — the two names which Dr. Arnold would never mention without strongly expressing his detestation at the personal character of the first, and his horror at the crimes hid under the "august" title of the second.

Ample and frank in all the materials of judgment, these volumes cannot be charged with any disposition to prejudice the reader. We are glad to find in them no sentimental stuff about the career of Antony and Cleopatra, — a career as vulgar and contemptible in substance as delusive in its glittering surroundings, and ending, as it should, in simple misery and shame. We are glad to find the careful pictures, not only of the two or three leading historical persons, but of such less familiar ones as Agrippa, Livia, and of Tiberius in his earlier days. With our school-day and Shakespeare prepossessions about Cassius, "the last of the Romans," and Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," it has a

* History of the Romans under the Empire. By CHARLES MERIVALE. Vols. III. and IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

wholesome effect to trace the pitiful career of the murderers, through the years of horror they had evoked, down to their ignominious end in suicide. We are glad no false sympathy is reserved for them, or for their crime,—as wanton and as mischievous a crime as human creatures are often suffered to commit. The weak idealism which “imagined that the dregs of the Roman populace, which lived upon largesses, could be animated with a simple love of constitutional freedom,” and the reaction of the oligarchy, as impotent in will as it was base at heart, so thoroughly repressed by Cæsar’s clear intelligence, just displayed themselves after his death, to show how inevitable was the revolution which that death only deferred.

Octavius, with a bad heart, indeed, but a most excellent head, so well outlived the memory of his cruel and treacherous youth, as to have been regarded with a sort of religious veneration by his countrymen, who saw in him the providential Deliverer of Rome, and to leave his surname as a title for all that is most noble and imposing to the imagination. Yet if monarchy could have begun with Marius, eighty years sooner, thinks Mr. Merivale, it might have been better for Rome and for the world. The merciless reaction under Sulla gave to a corrupt and brutal oligarchy a lease of power which it employed only to prove how thoroughly unfit it was for its assumed task of sovereignty. These volumes are in part a biography of Augustus, whose character is made the subject of elaborate study; and in part a sketch of that great dominion, in its political, social, and intellectual outlines, which slowly hardened into the empire of the Cæsars. The later portions of this task, especially, are exceedingly interesting. The *genuineness* of the Roman religion, based on a thorough belief in the manifest destiny of the imperial city, is a topic of curious and valuable reflection.

MR. KINGSLEY has not quite imagination enough to be a poet, but enough to make him one of the best of story-tellers. It might qualify him, also, to be a capital historian, if it were not that he is a rhetorician in grain,—a preacher too, and an excessively self-conscious one at that. A man who must be always falling back on a moral truism—generally a Hebrew proverb—and telling his hearers that that is the lesson of his tale, if he should be so happy as to have pressed it on any one’s conscience,—such a man may be a good preacher,—we incline to believe that Mr. Kingsley is,—but as interpreter of the great drama of the past, he is a little apt to tire.

Still, the tragedy was very grand, the scenery very gorgeous, and the characters, though some of them rather strange to us, had winning and attractive names. Mr. Kingsley is fortunate in the topic and title of his new volume of Lectures.* He is fortunate in the amount of curious and unhackneyed matter which he easily gathers from the Christian Fathers and the Byzantine writers, to illustrate his theme of “The Roman and the Teuton” in the ages of their deadly conflict.

* The Roman and the Teuton; a Series of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co.

His fanciful introduction, or "Saga," of the Forest Children and the Troll Garden, so fascinating and so deadly, is a singularly felicitous opening to the cruel and strange scenes in which his narrative must deal. And there appears a hearty human sympathy with the personages of the tale — with Dietrich and Amalasuentha, with the hero Totila and the saint Severinus and the monk Sturmi and the Christian hermit in the German wilds — which opens to us quite a new picture of those times, the twilight heralding "the Dark Age." As a series of sketches, the book might be almost perfect, but for the hasty and eager way in which the whole matter seems to be despatched, and the craving for rhetorical and homiletic effects, which leaves you nowhere in peace with the fact in its simplicity.

We copy, as more suggestive than a condensed outline, the titles of the twelve Lectures: — 1. The Forest Children; 2. The Dying Empire; 3. The Human Deluge; 4. The Gothic Civilizer (Theodoric); 5. Dietrich's End; 6. Nemesis of the Goths; 7. Paulus Diaconus (Legends and History of the Lombards); 8. The Clergy and the Heathen; 9. The Monk a Civilizer; 10. The Lombard Laws; 11. The Popes and the Lombards; 12. Strategy of Providence. This last explains, in military phrase, the "strategic points" of that long advance of the Barbarians upon the Roman Empire, — Alaric being the only chief, apparently, who had the genius to comprehend the main lines of it, — ending with a brief reference of it to the controlling will and purpose of Providence.

The volume contains, also, the noted Inaugural Lecture, in which Mr. Kingsley protests against the reduction of the courses of history to the evolution of law, to be made known to us by science. According to him, the best study of history is in biographies; he does not deny a sequence or growth in human things, but dislikes such phrases as "invariable," "irresistible," as applied to it; "not on mind, but on morals, is human welfare founded"; the only law of which we can be sure in history is the moral law which appeals to conscience and shows itself in the retribution of heroism or guilt; "about the eternities and immensities we know nothing," he thinks, "not having been there as yet"; and he enters an injunction, more energetic than convincing, against the formidable encroachments of modern science on the historical domain. He has, apparently, guarded his own statements from some of the inferences which his critics have derived from them; but we take them at their true worth, we imagine, in regarding them as what we have said, — the protest of a man of genius and imagination, setting forth an aspect of the matter which abler theorists than he would do well not to overlook.

THE University of Munich numbers among its Faculties one relating to the economy of the state (*Staatswirthschaft*); we may call it, loosely, Political Economy. The writer of the book under noted * is one of the Professors in that Faculty, and, although comparatively young, is

* *Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten.* Von W. H. RIEHL. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1859.

the author of several valuable works. The book of which we speak now consists of various articles originally contributed to periodicals. The three centuries are the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth. The first book is entitled "Historical Still-Life"; the second treats of the study of the common people at the present time (briefly said in German, *Zur Volkskunde der Gegenwart*); the third, of the political importance of æsthetic culture among the people. The work lies so much out of the common course of reading among us, that it would be hard to give an adequate description of it. We prefer rather to indicate its existence to the few who have the courage to explore untrodden ways. Yet to illustrate the character of it as well as we may, we take one article at random from many. The object of it is to show how at different times man likes different landscapes; it is entitled *Das landschaftliche Auge*.

There was a time, for instance, when Berlin, Leipzig, Augsburg, Darmstadt, all in the flattest, aridest districts, were thought to lie in a delightful territory, while the Black Forest, the Harz, the Thuringian Forest, were in high disfavor. They used to build palaces in flat monotonous plains, as one remembers at Nymphenburg and Schleissheim. Not fifty years ago, they thought the district of the Rhine a garden of Paradise, the beauty of which was only set off, as by contrast, by the charming flow of that Queen of Rivers among the hills which guard it between Rüdesheim and Coblenz. "Confessedly, the most beautiful landscape is not in itself a real work of art. It is only man whose creations are artistic, not nature. A landscape, as it presents itself to our gaze, is not beautiful in itself: it has only the property of being purified and exalted into beauty in the eye of the beholder. . . . Therefore it is that the peasant laughs at the denizen of the town who goes into ecstasies over a landscape which moves the former to no emotion. For he who is not an artist himself, who cannot paint pretty landscapes in his head, will not see them outside of himself. And so nature, the most subjective of all works of art, becomes for each a different thing as the stand-point of each varies. And as it is with individuals, so it is with generations of men. The recognition of the beautiful in art is not half so dependent on the general culture of the race, as that of the beautiful in nature. The same landscape is not to one in age what it was in youth; — nor is there any more thankless task, than that of trying to convince another of the beauties of your favorite landscape, for it is like trying to inoculate him with your own eye, which indeed is the special function of the landscape painter." When the forest was the rule in Germany, full of night and barbarism and Avars, and the field the exception, the open spaces, where was light, were most attractive; but now that we have too much light, we are drawn rather to the oases of forest gloom. Yet true is it, nevertheless, and forever, —

"Die unvergleichlich hohen Werke,
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

If we were to single out anything else in a book, so suggestive throughout, it would be, perhaps, the chapter entitled, "Augsburg Studies"; — how the ancient Augusta Vindelicorum of the Romans got

at last to be what Sir Robert Peel is said to have declared it to seem to him, looking down on it from the Perlach tower, the most beautiful city in Germany, with its opulent mediæval history; and how one Herberger, keeper of the Augsburg archives, has written a little book called "Augsburg, and its earlier Industry," in which he claims for it the honor of the three chief inventions of Germany, gunpowder, book-printing, and linen paper;—for it was not the mythical monk Berthold Schwarz who invented powder, says Herberger, but the Jew Typsiles of Augsburg, in the year 1353. And Gutenberg's forerunner was an Augsburg clergyman, Meister Johannes, who printed with wooden types in 1407; and the linen-paper documents of Augsburg are the oldest in Germany and Europe, for they begin with the year 1320.

The ecclesiastical balance long maintained in Augsburg between Catholics and Protestants will seem to us very curious. Whether the Protestant does right in buying his meat of a Catholic butcher, and whether the Catholic is not wrong in getting a Protestant carpenter to mend his broken chair, are still unsettled questions for many a good citizen of Augsburg. In the prebend of St. James, both Catholics and Protestants had a share. The general room used to be lighted with candles, the stumps of which the beneficiaries were privileged to divide among themselves, and burn in their own chambers; whereupon such a strife arose, as to which stumps were to be regarded as Catholic and which Protestant, that the municipality made a decree in 1816, in which, "in order to put an end to the existing quarrel touching the so-called Catholic and Protestant stumps," the use of candles was forbidden, and that of indivisible oil enjoined in its stead. Catholics and Protestants dressed differently also, and the difference is still maintained in the head-dress of maidens. It was at once the seat of the bishopric of St. Ulrich, fortress of Catholicism, and the imperial city of Augsburg, birthplace of the Augsburg Confession, stronghold of Protestantism. Both sects were rivals in good works. No German city can compare with it in charitable establishments. When the Jesuits had begun to get a foothold to develop their educational activity, the Protestants founded the famous Collegium of St. Anna. If the Catholic church-service was made attractive by good music and good pictures, the Protestants borrowed both. They imitated each other from emulation. If the Protestants wrote much, the Catholics made Augsburg the seat of the theological book-trade in the eighteenth century; and it has still its Catholic and Protestant newspapers;—the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" has long maintained the highest European reputation. The city counts 25,000 Catholics, and 14,000 Protestants;—but it is pleasing to read that the chief wealth, and since 1848 the controlling political influence, lie with the latter. The history of Augsburg, one side of it at least, for the last three centuries, is the history of this ecclesiastical balance. Yet it is not without some recognition of the eternal fitness of things, that one pauses in the Catholic churchyard in Augsburg to read on the wall these words:—"In hoc tumultu ossa patrum Soc. Jesu, queis neque viventibus neque mortuis generis sæculi quietem concessit . . . carnis resurrectionem expectant."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To anxious inquirers about finance, Mr. Moran's book* affords an admirable introduction to the subject. To the respect of business men it is recommended by the weight of the author's name, but his clear and spirited style, and the air as of an original authority and not of a mere transcriber with which he speaks, are a sufficient introduction to the general reader.

Although it is, of course, written in view of the present condition of the national currency, the discussions of the book are general, and it contains not a single allusion to the recent measures of our government. Beginning with an historical review of the various commodities that have served the purpose of money, and of the various theories in regard to it, it goes on, in the course of a dozen short chapters, to speak of the precious metals and their relation to each other, and of metallic money, of paper money public and private and the principles that govern it, with an interesting sketch of the principal systems that have obtained. We could wish that he had explained the system of cowries and of wampum, devices that would seem to present the very ideal of an inconvertible currency, in a state of hopeless depreciation. The last four chapters are devoted to the English currency theories, and the vexed question of Regulation.

We say that this little treatise is suited to a beginner, because, in approaching so difficult a subject, it is a matter of the first importance to get thoroughly interested; and so that opinions are distinctly held, error of doctrine is a matter of but secondary importance, that time will easily cure. Some of Mr. Moran's opinions are certainly most heretical, but all are clearly stated, and the book is animated by a spirit and enthusiasm that make this dullest and most obscure of subjects as interesting as politics or metaphysics.

Mr. Moran finds most support among other economists for his views on bank-note issues, conclusions which, as he says, "were arrived at and communicated to friends, long before reading the able works of Fullarton and Tooke, in which similar views are maintained." He mentions this, as he very properly adds, not so much to claim a merit of originality, as "with a view to obtain for them the weight due to conclusions arrived at by different parties examining the same subject from different points of view."

These conclusions, shadowed forth in Mr. Tooke's "History of Prices" as early as 1823, and more distinctly stated in the supplementary volume published in 1840, were explicitly laid down in his pamphlet on the "Currency Principle," in 1844, written in opposition to the impending banking law of that year. Mr. Fullarton, throwing himself into the same discussion, adopted and thoroughly elucidated them, but Mr. Moran's exposition is briefer and clearer, and, not being controversial in form, is unencumbered by the consideration of local and temporary details. The whole topic is, however, admirably treated by

* Money. By CHARLES MORAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

Mr. Mill, in the second volume of his *Political Economy*, substantially in accordance with these authorities, although he adduces some considerations on the other side which Mr. Moran would have done well to notice. The doctrine is, in brief, that variation from time to time in the amount of the circulating medium, whether coin or convertible bank-notes, is regulated solely by the momentary wants of the community, and has in general no effect on prices. Bankers cannot inflate the currency by issuing at will either coin or notes, their function being merely passive; and by arbitrary restrictions of the amount of currency, governments do much harm, and can do but little good. When an increased amount of currency is needed, it is furnished by an increased issue of bank-notes in countries where a paper currency obtains; and where it does not, by an issue of specie, either from the vaults of the bankers, or from private hoards; but in neither case is this the cause, though it may be the effect, of a rise in prices. The contrary theory, at least in regard to bank-notes, has long been maintained by another school of financiers, and Mr. Hooper, in his speech in the House of Representatives on the 6th of April last, on the Regulation of the Currency, speaks of repeated inflations of our own currency by over-issues on the part of State banks as beyond dispute. Still Mr. Moran's views are, so far as this goes, sufficiently supported by other authorities to be considered quite orthodox, and he confers a benefit upon the country by putting in so intelligible a form what must be considered the latest opinions of the best thinkers upon this subject.

The same may be said of his exposition of the general advantages of bank paper over government paper. How far, and when, public exigencies may require these advantages to be sacrificed, is a question into which he does not enter. But it is something to show that the sacrifice is a real one.

In exhibiting the general advantages of a paper currency, Mr. Moran shews clearly enough, that, but for a lack of perfect confidence, the coin in our banks would lie untouched year in and year out. In this case the "specie reserves" might be diminished at pleasure, and since the indefinitely small and the infinitely small are one, they might be dispensed with altogether. A paper currency based entirely on credit, and not redeemable in any particular commodity, is thus theoretically possible and most desirable on economical grounds, and he anticipates with enthusiasm a financial millennium, when this will be the condition of things, and the ten thousand millions of capital at present, as is estimated, sunk in the currency, be released to benefit mankind. Already, as he shows, have Scotland and New England, under a banking system substantially free, shrewdly adopted a currency wholly of paper, experiencing every advantage he claims for it, and with less loss than ensues in other countries from the mere wear and tear of coin. Here, of course, the hard-money men will not follow him; still less, when he proceeds to argue that the value of gold and silver is more artificial than that of paper, being based not upon their cost of production, but solely upon their uses as currency, and

that their commercial value depends upon their monetary value, and not *vice versa*, as is universally believed. Having reached this point, he consistently maintains that the relative value of the two metals is equally arbitrary, and may accordingly be perfectly well regulated by law, and both be a legal tender at once, a doctrine which we had supposed was equally refuted by theory and by practice. His consistency is not quite so clear when he further claims that the value of the precious metals cannot be diminished by an over-supply, attributing the general rise in prices after the discovery of America to a general increase of commercial activity, and asking, "How can an increased production affect the value of an article for which the demand is unlimited, and of which there can never probably be a glut?"

Mr. Moran supports these heresies rather by refuting the theories commonly received, and bringing up facts which they fail to explain, with new explanations of the facts upon which they are founded, than by a satisfactory exposition of what he supposes to be the real *modus operandi*. In regard to the depreciation of gold, for example, he triumphs in the failure of M. Chevalier's predictions, and the fulfilment of his own, during the last ten years, but does not explain in detail just what has become of the products of Australia and California. But the book is brilliant and able, and presents probably the most complete and most readable discussion of this interesting subject within reach of our readers. It is illustrated by most curious and interesting statistics and quotations, evidently the result of much reading in a region of literature in which but few explorers give the public the benefit of their labors.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THROUGH that infirmity, common to nations as to individuals, but which in our American communities is not so much an infirmity as a disease, Mr. Tuckerman has made a book* which will find many readers, and which by most of them will be read with interest. An inordinate appetite for praise, and a not less inordinate sensitiveness to criticism, will probably be the last weakness which the people of the United States will outgrow. When we have polished ourselves free from the crudities of manners and tastes which have hitherto made us a spectacle to cultivated travellers, — when our hotels become comfortable instead of gorgeous, — when ladies cease to walk the streets in evening dress, — when our newspapers begin to be conducted by men of education and character, — when society refuses its hand to an editor who fills his columns fresh every morning with falsehood, slander, and treason, — when the vulgar and brutal performances of "nigger minstrels" cease to be the most popular entertainment in a city like Boston, — when all this shall have come to pass, we shall perhaps have gained a sufficiently firm position in our own self-respect to enable us to receive the praise or blame of foreign tourists with equal placidity. If Mr.

* America and her Commentators; with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States. By H. T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Scribner. 1864.

Tuckerman's book continues to find a ready sale until that moment, he will probably have no reason to complain of his pecuniary success.

Mr. Tuckerman has been widely known for many years as a writer of essays and review-articles, generally rather of a biographical than a critical character, of which several volumes have from time to time been collected and published. These essays have for the most part been characterized by good temper, fairness, and a tolerably correct literary judgment. They are not marked by any strength of thought or feeling, or by any originality or grace of style. Mr. Tuckerman has the faculty of easy admiration common to most American reviewers. He has, we believe, led a life of leisure, pleasantly varied by literary occupation, and, guided by a good taste in his choice of subjects, has gradually gained for himself a respectable place among the writers of the country.

His present book is the most extensive undertaking on which he has thus far entered, and is marked in general by the same qualities which we have ascribed to his former writings, of which, indeed, some small portions are incorporated in it; e. g. the account of Berkeley's visit to Rhode Island, and the notice of Clinton's journey. Indeed, the book is in no sense a departure from the previous literary habits of its author. It is the book of a reviewer, — it is criticism by wholesale; and the arrangement of so great a mass of book-notices, necessarily brief for the most part, into an entertaining volume, must have been a difficult and perplexing task of literary handiwork. It is due to Mr. Tuckerman to say that he has performed this task, so far as concerns arrangement, connection, and division, with admirable success. The chapter on the early discoverers and explorers, and that on the French missionaries, are very interesting; and the following chapters on the books of the later French travellers are also executed with taste and judgment. The portion of the book which is devoted to the British travellers seems to us much less successful, especially the chapter on "English Abuse of America," which exhibits, under an assumption of dignified indifference, a sensitiveness which, while it does not prevent the writer from discriminating pretty accurately between abuse and blame, betrays him now and then into the *tu quoque* style of argument.

He has no sense of the ludicrous, and is therefore highly indignant with one J. F. D. Smythe, Esq., who wrote an account of a tour in the United States in 1784, and who said that "Mr. Washington" had exhibited a "total want of generous sentiments and even of common humanity," and that "he had never during his life performed a single action that could entitle him to the least show of merit, much less of glory." He admitted, however, that "in his private character he had always been respectable." To controvert which judgment, Mr. Tuckerman gravely sets off against it the opinions of the Marquis de Chastellux, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Everett. In another chapter, he permits himself to speak with inexcusable coarseness of Miss Martineau; and is, to say the least, unnecessarily severe upon Miss Bremer for indulging a curiosity which was surely rather amusing than offensive. He seems to class Dickens with the defamers, and is evidently

one of those who have never quite forgotten or forgiven the lively fictions of the "American Notes."

Mr. Tuckerman's sense of the proportionate value of different authors seems a little confused; as where, in the chapter on American travellers, he bestows six pages upon DeWitt Clinton's Letters of Hibernicus, but dismisses the admirable works of Mr. Olmsted with little more than half a page, and with no warmer praise than is conveyed by the epithet *discreet*. Again, he gives us thirty pages of quotations from the superficial gossip of Kohl and Allesandro, and revives with some bitterness the well-worn sarcasm of Sydney Smith, but gives no intimation that he has ever even met the extremely interesting speculations of Southey,* which, though they are happily far from being prophetic, are sufficiently remarkable in other ways to deserve at least a mention in a work professing such completeness.

It remains only to notice the style of composition in which this book is for the most part written. Inelegance or inflation of style is a fault which may be pardoned in a writer who is expressing vigorous thought, or conveying abundant and valuable information. But when the thought is commonplace, and the information only such as may be gained from the most superficial reading, the attention is left free to notice and criticise the language. We are compelled to say that this is the case with Mr. Tuckerman's writings, and emphatically the case with his present work,—of which the style is at once ambitious and slovenly to the last degree. Mr. Tuckerman can never say a plain thing simply. The present is always "the passing hour"; to supersede, is to "doom to oblivion"; two records which agree "assimilate"; a pleasant bit of landscape is "an interesting phase of nature which beguiles the observant mind." The oldest inhabitant, so often laughed at, appears repeatedly in these pages as a "venerable reminiscent." The condition of the lower orders in Europe is described as "the cowed and craven *status* of the masses in older and less homogeneous and unpampered communities." Certain facts "are exaggerated and made to pander more to prejudice than to truth." To *pander to truth* is a novel application of words. Then we have sentences like these:—

"Two works on America appeared in London in 1760–61, which indicate that special information in regard to this country was then and there sufficiently a desideratum to afford a desirable theme for a bookseller's job."—p. 181.

"Cockneyism may seem unworthy of analysis, far less of refutation, but, as Sydney Smith remarked by way of apology for hunting small game to death in his zeal for reform, 'in a country surrounded by dikes, a rat may inundate a province,' and it is the long-continued gnawing of the tooth of detraction, that, at a momentous crisis, let in the cold flood upon the nation's heart, and quenched its traditional love."—p. 253.

"All the elements, routine, substantial bases, and superficial aspects of England and the English, however adequate to the insular egotism, and however barricaded by prejudice, pride, and indifference, do not harmonize, to the clear humane gaze of soulful eyes, with what underlies and overshadows this stereotyped programme and this partial significance."—p. 288.

* Colloquies on Society, Vol. II. pp. 190–201.

Finally, this is Mr. Tuckerman's way of saying that Dean Berkeley built a small house by the seaside, in a valley near Newport:—

"At a sufficient distance from the town to insure immunity from idle visitors, within a few minutes' walk of the sea, and girdled by a fertile vale, the student, dreamer, and missionary pitched his humble tent where Nature offered her boundless refreshment, and Seclusion her contemplative peace."

It strikes us we have seen something very like this in the auction columns of our newspaper, when a desirable piece of real estate was offered for sale.

A curious instance of the passion for fine writing getting the advantage over the writer's accuracy of statement appears in this same chapter, where, although the Dean landed at Newport on the 24th of January, we have some lively speculation on the surprise and delight with which his eyes must have dwelt on the "fields of golden maize," and the waters of the bay "tinted like the Mediterranean."

These are fair quotations, and might be multiplied indefinitely. Once for all, we desire to enter our energetic protest against the style of writing which they illustrate. It is a style which is, we think, becoming popular with American writers, and unless we wish to develop a national literature which shall be the laughing-stock of the world, it is time that something should be done to discourage such ridiculous displays of it as we have here noticed.

THE Count de Marcellus entered the diplomatic service of France at the age of nineteen, under Talleyrand, in 1815, as secretary of the embassy at Constantinople. While at that post he was directed, in 1820, to examine the ports of the Levant as well as the religious establishments of Palestine. It was in the discharge of this mission that he discovered in the island of Melos that celebrated statue of Venus which now adorns the Louvre under the name of "La Venus de Milo,"—one of the noblest monuments of the ancient art which have survived the civilization they redeemed. When Chateaubriand was the ambassador of France at London, the Count de Marcellus was for a time the secretary of the embassy; and the taste which he had acquired for the scenes and the associations of the East was developed into something like a passion by the intimate companionship of that accomplished statesman and that eloquent writer. Since his retirement from public service, in 1841, he has given himself wholly to letters. Among other writings, the *Chants Populaires de la Grèce*, and the *Chants du Peuple en Grèce*, are important contributions to a department of literature which is attracting more and more attention with the development of the modern Greek language and the progress of the modern Greek race.

The book which has suggested this allusion to him* is perhaps a fair illustration of his merits as a writer and his ability as a translator, neither of which are great. The title of the work, however, affords no hint as to its contents. The aim of it is to give a general notion of the

* Les Grecs Anciens et les Grecs Modernes. Par LE COMTE DE MARCELLUS, Ancien Ministre Plenipotentiaire. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1861.

various sorts of Greek poetry, with special reference to the impressions they produce when studied upon the spot among the scenes they illustrate. Thus epic poetry is represented by the story of Medea, as related with such charming simplicity and pathos in "The Argonauts" by Apollonius of Rhodes, and by that of Nausicaa as told by Homer in the Odyssey. Religious poetry is represented by the Hymn to Ceres and a fragment on Orpheus and the philosophical hymns of Proclus; and didactic or descriptive poetry by the narrative of the voyage of the Argonauts; while, to relieve the severity of merely heroic poetry, he has introduced a translation of Meleager, one of the most agreeable poets of the Anthology, "that most charming collection of fugitive verses of all countries and all ages." The book concludes with some thoughts upon Pindar and the Greek epic poetry in the fourth century of our era. The work is, therefore, but a collection of translations, accompanied by descriptions of the scenery and the places they suggest. And we cannot but think that the idea of the Count — although executed for the most part by himself in rather a sterile way — is an excellent one. To read the Greek authors in the homes they loved, among the hills and along the waters which their spirits seem still to haunt, — to catch again, as it were, the sunlight which brightened for Jason the shores of the Bosphorus, as he passed on to the dark waste of the Euxine, — to ponder the mysteries of Ceres as you sit among the ruins on the hill at Eleusis, — this is to study in a different school from that which discusses only the identity of Homer, and teaches only how to parse an ode of Pindar. And if, in the inroads which the organization of the various branches of science is making upon the scholastic system we have so long inherited, the classics are still to hold a chief place among the studies of the young and in the recreations of the old, it will be only, in part, through the vitality which is thus imparted to them by association with existing scenes and a living race.

The *séances* to which the Count de Marcellus introduces us are a good illustration of the way in which our interest in ancient times may be heightened by such association. Thus at Therapia he met the poet Christopoulos, — whose charming anacreontics rival, if they do not surpass, the ancient, — who, after much conversation, which the Count records at length, reads to him the story of Medea. And again, at Eleusis, the poetic touches with which he indicates the feelings that crowd upon him, — how he sought to recognize the beautiful Callidice among the young Albanian girls, with their tall forms, and black eyes, and pale faces, — and how he remembered that it was the worship of Ceres which had trained the Hellenic mind for so many generations in the fear of the divinity, and given them a hint of the immortality of the soul, — these things show what might be made of the subject by a master mind, which should break through the divisions of the ancient and modern time, and bring the writers so long dead close to hearts now so quick with life. For the greater we grow in thought, the smaller become the diversities of country and of race; the wider our sweep of knowledge, the nearer the bonds which bind us in the common brotherhood of men. The fusion of the ancient with the modern mind can be

only for the advantage of the latter. To free ourselves from the superstition that the ancient races have produced the best models in literature, as in art, is not to underrate or ignore, but to honor and to profit by, the thoughts so grand and beautiful which they have given over to the possession of men. There was a period when learning meant knowledge of Latin and Greek. But the world is larger now. Latin and Greek are but elements of a culture which goes far beyond the dreary scholasticism of the Middle Age. Languages, like dialectics, have long since ceased to be ends, but they are not the less means, important, indispensable, for the attainment of a profounder knowledge and a higher plan of life,—for a growth in wisdom compared with which the age that began with Homer and was rounded by Dante shall seem but as the childhood of the world.

MR. KIRWAN has written a clever book upon France,* containing a good deal of information we do not remember to have seen elsewhere so well collected. It consists, for the most part, of articles contributed to the *British Quarterly Review*, and to *Fraser's* and *Macmillan's Magazines*. A large part of his life has been spent in France, and everything that he states he claims to be the result of his personal observation,—a fact which it is important to remember at a period like the present, when so much ignorant calumny is uttered against the country and its ruler by those who hate alike the nation and its despot. Mr. Kirwan is thoroughly opposed to the system of government which now exists in France, and does not spare words in denouncing it. He is doubtless too much of a partisan to be just. But to those who take the trouble to form their own opinions, and to reject as facts what are merely inferences, his book will be of service.

The titles of its chapters will best indicate the nature of its contents. They are:—*Journalism in France from 1635 to 1846*; *Journalism and Literature in France from 1848 to 1863*; *The Bourse of Paris, its Speculators and the French Funds*; *Paris, its Industry, Improvements, Hotels, the Emperor, Empress, Female Dress*; *The Military System of France*; *Portraits of French Literary Celebrities*; *Napoleonism*; *The Empire from 1858 to 1863*. The chapters upon the journals of Paris give a fair picture of the present state of French literature, of which they constitute so large a part, for there can be little independent writing where the expression of honest opinion is rewarded only with confiscation and exile,—and there is a considerable display of knowledge throughout the book,—but we have a feeling that, on the whole, Mr. Kirwan has not penetrated far into the real character either of the French people or the French press, while his flippant and arrogant tone indicates a lack of that finer perception which, in descending into analysis, never falls into abuse. The historical condition of France is too vast a problem for Mr. Kirwan to answer. He sees one or two man-

* *Modern France: its Journalism and Literature and Society.* By A. V. KIRWAN, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Author of the Article "France" in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*"; "*Ports, Arsenals, and Dockyards of France*," and "*Military System and Garrisons in France.*" London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1863.

ifest facts, — the increase of wealth, the restless spirit of speculation which pervades all classes and absorbs all minds, — and thinks he finds the cause of all evil in that brooding fanatic who sits alone in his cabinet in the Tuileries, listening to the click of the telegraph as it reports to him every movement, one might say every thought, of France. But if there be any one lesson taught by human history, it is that society itself makes the despot that oppresses it. In the last years of the Roman Republic, when the corruption of universal suffrage had led to universal anarchy, it was not so much that Cæsar found an opportunity to destroy the government, as that the necessities of government created Cæsar. But however honest the original purpose of a despot who rises to power upon the liberties of his country, success and the deification which follows it are sure to destroy his patriotism and to pervert his judgment, if, fortunately for his country and for himself, the fatality which waits upon despotism does not swoop down upon him with the torch of revolution before he has completed the ruin he undertook to prevent. Napoleonism accomplished its work when it showed how the material resources of France might be made to rival those of any state of Europe. It had but one idea, and has exhausted it. Hostile to every form of progress which does not run in its own path and exalt its own fortunes, — crushing out every spark of opposition which threatens to become independent, — intrenched behind a servile horde of agents and a glittering line of bayonets, — Napoleonism is a creed as remorseless as Mohammedanism in the Middle Age, when, sword in hand, with the cry of destiny on its lips, it swept on from its Eastern conquests to its European defeats. Not a single great statesman or orator has taken sides with Louis Napoleon. Worse off than Cæsar, he has found no Cicero to plead for him, even with the eloquence of silence.

In the uncertain state of the relations of this country with Europe, it is of vital importance to understand, if we can, the character of a ruler so powerful, and upon occasion so reckless, as Louis Napoleon. In the terrible crisis through which we have been passing, we doubt if there has been danger from any source to be compared with that which we have thus far escaped at his hands. We have complained of the coldness of the English people and the abuse of the English press, yet we have steadily ignored the fact, that, at great risk to their own political fortunes, the English Ministry have set their faces against the insidious suggestions and the dangerous designs of France. Language has failed to do justice to our anger with the oligarchy of England, yet we have had no word of reproach for the despot of France, who would strike hands to-day with the slaveholders of the South if there were but a chance of adding a little more glory to the French arms, and thereby a little more permanence to his own uncertain power. And though he knows that behind him, not only in France, but throughout Europe, there exists a strong public opinion against the recognition, by the civilized states of the world, of a government whose corner-stone is human slavery, we doubt if even that Nemesis of tyranny would restrain him from his obvious purpose, if he could win the co-operation of England. Events follow too rapidly to permit us to forecast even the immediate

future ; but if we can judge at all of the signs of the time, the danger which still threatens this country is neither from the decaying rebellion of the South, nor from the blind cupidity of England, but from the criminal designs of the ruler of the French. Anything, therefore, which throws light upon his character cannot fail to interest us. Mr. Kirwan's partisan zeal, however, makes him an untrustworthy witness. Like Mr. Kinglake, he is steeped in hatred of Napoleonism. Wild in his charges and indiscriminating in his evidence, he contributes nothing to a just and philosophical estimate of the character of the French Emperor, or of the objects of French policy ; yet his book is worth reading, as well for its smaller details as from the general interest of the subject.

MR. ARNOLD has been able, without any far-fetched ingenuity or affectation, to find a happy and unappropriated title* for a series of sketches from foreign travel. He has been as successful in giving to the contents of his book a specialty which fully warrants him in adding yet another to our crowding volumes in that department. He has a cultivated, scholarly taste, a discerning eye, an appreciative spirit, and a modesty in self-reference and criticism, which give us real pleasure in listening to his experiences, and in assenting to his judgments. He has shown his skill in the selection of his topics. With material, doubtless, in his journals and in his mind, for illustrating or commenting upon the whole field of European localities, art, life, scenery, and roadway experiences, he has chosen a few very agreeable topics, and has treated them with an unpretending simplicity of tone and detail. We would commend the book warmly, and especially to those who, as individual wanderers or in family groups, wish to take with them in their summer ruralizings a volume from which they may draw, an hour at a time, engaging and profitable entertainment.

It is always a pleasure to hear from so brave, enterprising, and blithesome a traveller as Captain Burton, though his new volumes on Abeokuta† contrast with his previous book on *Utah* by paucity of interest, unimportance of detail, and a kind of mental indolence belonging to the region in which he wrote. Abeokuta, or Understone, the capital of the Egbas, will be hunted for in vain in the common maps of Western Africa ; nor has it yet earned a place among the gazetteers ; nor does Mr. Burton condescend to supply us with a satisfactory map of the dark wilderness. Still, the friendly natives appear to offer favorable openings for trade, though they seem to despise treaties with distant powers, to cling to human sacrifices, and to delight in war with their neighbors. Captain Burton gives it as his decided opinion, that, were rum and gunpowder excluded from Africa, the country would gain even under a revival of the slave-trade, with all its horrors. Nor is

* *European Mosaic*. By HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1864. 12mo. pp. 339.

† *Abeokuta and the Canaroon Mountains*. By RICHARD F. BURTON. London : Tinsley Brothers. 1863. 2 vols.

this his only heresy. He recommends the system of Oriental castes as leading to high excellence in crafts, arts and sciences, supplying an admirable police, and proving a perfect conservative of existing institutions. No one ever doubted, we suppose, that it had the latter effect. He even recommends polygamy as "abstracting from the parents an affection which it bestows on the children, and contributing to the increase of females." He betrays, too, an unfriendly spirit towards the self-sacrificing missionaries upon that fever-haunted coast, and believes in the progress and triumph of Mohammedanism among the degraded natives. His second volume is wholly a reconnoissance of the Canaroons Mountains, which he was the first to ascend, name, and estimate. The highest peak he estimates at about thirteen thousand feet above the sea level; one volcano he finds alive still, but describes it as "neither permanently eruptive nor in a condition of moderate activity." He urges the establishment of a penal colony in this healthy vicinity, and the erection of a sanitarium for soldiers and sailors prostrated by the diseases of the coast. Canaroons is thirteen geographic miles from Victoria, in four degrees North latitude.

A THREE years' residence at the capital of Persia, with the advantages of extensive travel, the friendship of the reigning Shah, and the prestige of a representative of the British government,* entitle one to expect a vast deal of information upon a country which has not been fully described in English for many years. But not even maps, sketches, or pictures of any kind, are given in the "Three Years' Journal," to vary the monotony of misery endured by a sick man, travelling at peril of life through a desolated land, infested by every kind of vermin, haunted by guerillas, and wasted by famine as well as civil war. Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at the court of Tehran has apparently desired to furnish the public no further knowledge than of the unparalleled favor he enjoyed with all Persians, the exceeding hardships which he endured, and the utter wretchedness of the country of his honorable exile. He should have remembered that the mass of readers have little recent knowledge of this remote land, and that in foot-notes, if not in the text, he might have easily furnished information which would have mitigated the disappointment of those who seek for bread and find only a stone.

WINWOOD READE,† in a jesting tone and frolicsome spirit, has added to the many books of African travel one of the most readable, attractive, and popular. His visit was chiefly confined to the coast, from St. Paul de Loanda on the south to Senegal River on the north; several of the small rivers were, however, ascended, some discoveries made, and the

* *Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia.* By EDWARD B. EASTWICK. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

† *Savage Africa, being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, Southwestern, and Northwestern Africa; with Notes on the Habits of the Gorilla; on the Existence of Unicorns and Tailed Men; on the Slave Trade; on the Origin, Character, and Capabilities of the Negro; and on the Future Civilization of Western Africa.* Second Edition. London: Smith and Elder. 1864.

gorilla question settled by a variety of testimony. He is certain that the gorilla goes habitually on all fours; that its young is equally docile with the chimpanzee; that the adult animal sometimes runs away from man; that its habits, in general, do not materially differ from those of the chimpanzee. Both build nests; both attack by biting; both go usually on all fours; both sometimes assemble in large numbers; both resemble, in many respects, the orang-outang. He does not believe in gorillas beating their breasts as a signal for battle; nor in their carrying off women to live domesticated among them; nor in their ever attacking man without provocation.

Mr. Reade speaks scornfully of the labors of missionaries, and tells some striking stories of their ignorance, stupidity, and uselessness. But the immense deduction from his reports is, that he evidently had no sympathy with their efforts; that he associated with the gayest part of the community, and preferred to maintain the character of a man of pleasure. Still, he pays a high tribute to the American missionaries, as good scholars and practical men, who have rendered essential service to science. Mr. Reade maintains that the negro, as seen on the coast, is a degradation of the African race; that the red race, who occupy healthier ground in the interior, is the true type, though little known because of our limited knowledge of anything beyond the shore. All the tribes occupying the malarious regions degenerate, according to him, produce fewer offspring, are less long-lived, more lethargic, and more brutal in their habits than their less-visited, remoter brethren. Clans of the same tribes he has found in the interior with lighter complexion, more facial intelligence, sharper noses, and longer hair. The red Africans he thinks superior to the red Indians of America; while those debased specimens which supply the slave trade are the dangerous, destitute, and diseased classes of African society, immeasurably below the African proper, and only to be compared with the hopeless refuse of English and American poor-houses. Finally, he holds that Mohammedans, not Christians, are to be the redeemers of "Savage Africa."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE little story of *Immen-See** is perhaps unrivalled in German fiction for its extreme simplicity and pathos. It opens with a sketch of an old man, in one of the quiet towns of the Rhineland, returning from his walk at the close of an autumn day to his comfortable library-chamber full of the books and pictures in the midst of which he had dwelt so long, and where, in the gathering darkness, he sits down now to muse and to rest. And presently a moonbeam falls across the portrait of a well-remembered face, and he murmurs "Elizabeth," and dreams of the long-gone years,—of his merry childhood and his happy home. The story which follows of the two children Reinhardt and Elizabeth,—how they grew up together, and strolled in the meadows,

* *Immen-See*. From the German of TH. STORM, by H. CLARK.—Grandmother and Granddaughter. From the German of LOUISE ESCHÉ, by MME. C. R. CARSON. Philadelphia: F. Leyboldt. New York: F. W. Christern. 1863. [Foreign Library, Vol. II.]

and were lost in the forest together,—is so very brief, and the event which parts them so very common, that one would be wholly at a loss to understand the fascination of the narrative from a mere statement of its incidents. While Reinhardt is absent at college, Elizabeth is betrothed and married to another,—to his friend Eric, a very worthy person, preferred, of course, by the young lady's mother. Several years afterwards Reinhardt visits them for a while; then suddenly tears himself away, and never sees again the child he had loved in his youth, or the maiden he loves still in age, but, buried in books, he masters his grief, and forgets the world. And there is as little in the thought as in the style to make the story remarkable. The effect of it is rather in that touch of beauty and of sadness which we recognize in the conception of a life blighted thus at the beginning,—in the mere suggestion of the void so utter and so hopeless which is left for a time in every human heart by the disappointment of its early hope,—still more by the severing, as it were, of two beings so closely united in the memories of childhood that they seem to have been but the twofold expression of a single life.

It is a poem exquisite rather for what it suggests than for what it says. Like the faint murmur of music as it steals through the leafy forests of a summer's day, it touches you in the dreamy stillness, not with a sense of its own melody, but of the ineffable sadness of the emotions it awakens. Life seems to grow stiller as you read. There is no tumult of the streets in it, no excitement of business, no struggle of ambition, no bitterness of hatred, nothing of the wrath of the world, as, with the noise of great rivers rushing on to the sea, it storms through the congregations of men,—but only subdued voices and shadowy forms,—only the ghost of a buried hope and the dismay of a vacant life. It unfolds no philosophical view of love, analyzes none of its elements, determines none of its conditions. Yet the very sorrow it suggests so briefly and so simply is more eloquent than the best efforts of reasoning or of rhetoric. It is a tribute, indeed, as profound as it is unpretending, to that beauty of childish affection and that sacredness of ripened love which the shadows of earth fail either to darken or destroy. Full of disappointment, yet full of work, life is not in the later what it seemed in the earlier years. The finer sensibilities are deadened, not merely by the grossness of the world, but by a larger knowledge of the evanescent and changing character of all human things. In a mind rightly educated by experience and unspoiled by vice, love is always indeed the same beautiful sentiment; but the longer one lives, the larger is his view of human relations. As the passions become calmer, the philosophy of life becomes clearer, and in that philosophy love is not an end, but a means. Yet in the lives of us all there are moments when the thought of a devotion, original, lifelong, to one object, fills us as with the sense of a holy mystery. Deep in the background of our consciousness is ever some phantom shape, which starts forth at the giving of a sign to compass us with its shadowy arms, to lead us with the whisper of its voice beyond our chamber-walls, beyond our mortal home. The poet utters his verse,—the swift fingers touch the lyre,—

a great action, a noble self-sacrifice, are in the mouths of men,—and speedily the curtain of the soul is lifted, and the everlasting love that fills it passes from darkness into light.

THE last of Mr. Trollope's novels* has been called his best. It is formed upon the same plan as his former works, and shows a complete mastery of that department of novel-writing which he has chosen. This is neither very high nor very low. Mr. Trollope's forte lies in the power of seeing and setting forth the small passions and impulses that influence men and women in their daily lives,—in picturing quiet social scenes, in sketching the petty battle-fields of common life,—the fortified and the exposed situations, the attack, the repulse. His merit lies in giving an interest to the homely scenes and events that make up the lives of most of us, and in cultivating in us the sense of humor in small matters of life.

In the present book he has given us a capital sketch of English country life, with its quiet pleasures and quiet sorrows,—its ineffable sameness and appalling dullness. To this are added pictures of London boarding-house life, and several scenes in high life, which are neither very well done nor very interesting, the former being too vulgar to afford much interest, the latter being too stiff and absurd to be true, even as caricatures.

The character of the old Squire of Allington is exceedingly well drawn, and is perfectly self-consistent. In politics a *soi-disant* liberal, but at heart a conservative,—as is every Englishman who owns an acre of land,—loving those dearly whom he loves at all, not ill-using his enemies beyond the limits of justice, never expressing his affection except by actions, rather repelling the idea of liking any one as being an encroachment on his independence,—a genuine Englishman! The same praise can be given to the character of Lord de Guest, a sturdy breeder of cattle, "every inch an earl, pottering about after his cattle with muddy gaiters and red cheeks." The discrimination of nice points of character and shades of difference between two men so much alike as Squire Dale and Lord de Guest shows, perhaps, more than anything else in the book, Mr. Trollope's peculiar power. Both characters are sturdy, independent, stupid English aristocrats; but the stupidity of the one is not the stupidity of the other, and we have two characters, neither of which can be mistaken for the other, though the differences are in reality so slight between them. The character of Mr. Crosbie is also very well drawn,—his struggle between love of rank, position, and property, and innocence and simplicity, is given with a minuteness and truth that can be rarely equalled. The misery he entails upon himself, not so much by his wrong-doing as from the inherent nobleness of his nature, is run into its minute moral results. We cannot help sympathizing with him in the manly way in which he accepts the results of his villany, and resolves to live the highest life in his power with his wife, whom he does not love. The two female characters—

* The "Small House at Allington." By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

in the portraiture of which Trollope excels any male writer now living — are the master-pieces of character in the book. Fresh, natural, simple, full of life and feeling and foibles, they move before us as living characters: you feel that they must exist, and are not the mere creations of the novelist's fancy.

The hero (so called) of the story, Mr. John Eames, is its weakest and most defective character. Mr. Trollope seems to be aware of this, and apologizes for introducing such a hero. A man of course is not to blame for being a fool and an anserous booby, and a novelist is not to blame for introducing such a character into his work. But to hold up such a character as Mr. Eames to our admiration and esteem is an insult to humanity, and we trust that he will either be disposed of in some quiet way by his creator, or entirely made over again. Mr. Trollope, at the end of his book, though it is constructed with great art, was apparently in doubt what to do with the heroine. It would n't do to marry her to such a nonentity as Johnny Eames, and his other hero was married. The public are, therefore, left in doubt: the heroine is still young, beautiful, melancholy, and unmarried, at the end of the book. Surely a discriminating public will not suffer such an anomaly to remain uncorrected. A second book is imperiously demanded by the voice of the people, in which Miss Lily Dale shall meet with the novelist's reward of merit, — absorption in an appropriate husband.

Concerning this second expected work, we would suggest to Mr. Trollope that it be much shorter than the present one, or at least that an abridged edition be published for the American public. In the press of daily life, few people can read, and no one should read, so many dreary pages of manufactured writing.

MR. JARVES * has earned the right to be listened to when he discourses of Art. His is by no means a mere *dilettante* knowledge and enthusiasm, but a deep and earnest love, strengthened and educated by years of experience and study. He views Art in its most comprehensive as in its most subtle sense, in its higher and holier relations to God, as well as in its more vital and intimate relations to man. An artist eye and a poetic sensibility, together with a thorough acquaintance with the best modes, have peculiarly fitted him for the task of the critic. The very fact that he is not an artist himself is a point in his favor. "It is neither to the multitude, nor to those who are gifted with great genius," says Macaulay, "that we are to look for sound critical decisions," since an artist's or author's very pre-eminence in one style of excellence is apt to lessen his appreciation of any other. "Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere *connoisseur* who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy."

The discriminative faculty is largely developed in Mr. Jarves. He is fastidious, but his fastidiousness is the result of a high standard,

* The Art Idea. Part Second of Confessions of an Enquirer. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864.

not of an unreasoning and unreasonable caprice. He has accordingly produced, not only a thoughtful and suggestive book, but an extremely attractive and instructive one, which must be as pleasing to the amateur as to the tyro. It is also eminently fitted to the views of the American public, for while it is full of hope and encouragement, from recognizing our possibilities, it is sharp-sighted to detect and fearless to point out the obstacles that lie in the way of our future progress. In regard to the individual criticisms of living artists there will, of course, be much difference of opinion. Mr. Jarves neither praises nor blames indiscriminately. His tone is calm and temperate, his spirit excellent, and if we think him sometimes unjust, it is owing to the bias of his tastes, not to hasty judgment or ungenerous design. The graceful decorations of the book are in pleasant keeping with its contents. We are sorry we cannot equally commend the "preliminary talk." It mars the serene beauty and lessens the salutary effect of a work, to which it is scarcely a fitting introduction.

As a critic of art and a philosophical historian, Gervinus has won a right to be studied as the greatest expounder of Shakespeare's genius, his wisest admirer, and the most perfect appreciator of his claims upon the gratitude and reverence of mankind. The series of studies now first given to the English in an admirable translation* followed upon his completion of the history of German poetry. Germany had so naturalized Shakespeare,—by such wonderful renderings of line for line as would give us back the original were we to lose the master-poet from the tongue he did so much to make powerful, by receiving his inspiration, too, in its own great poets, and by first of all commenting upon his plays in a spirit of profound philosophy,—that Gervinus felt himself summoned to this labor of love, which has proved, he says, an "immeasurable gain" to his own mind.

To the biography of the bard of Avon he has not attempted any additions: but he has explained why there is no more to be added,—because of the contempt in which the stage was then and subsequently held, because of the perversion of English taste, and because the moral unity of his dramas was not so much as suspected till Lessing began the new era of Shakespeare criticism. His view of the poet's opening manhood is guided very much by the penitent confession of the Sonnets: he believes that the youthful levities of Henry V. were sketched *con amore*; and that Shakespeare came forth from this early weakness to a noble manhood, such as he depicts in the grandest historical dramas any literature can boast. Withdrawing from dissolute associates, even before he withdrew from the stage, when that event took place through his distaste for a dishonored profession, he rapidly accumulated property, took a place in society, and established himself at Stratford, in a position of no little eminence.

The main body of these two large volumes is occupied by a thorough and philosophical study of each piece by itself; in which Gervinus

* Shakespeare Commentaries. By Dr. G. G. GERVINUS. Translated under the Author's Superintendence, by F. E. BURMETT. 1863. 2 vols.

makes ample amends for his low conception of Shakespeare's opening life, by earnest sympathy and entire reverence for his matured genius, — by seizing hold upon the moral unity of each work, as hardly any other commentator has done, and vindicating the whole as a grand work of art, — and thus proving conclusively the unequalled pre-eminence which the Germans were the first to assert for him whom they have so nobly followed.

UNDER the assumed name of Cameron, a Scotch Prison Matron has given a touching and truthful account of the progress down and up of a Glasgow lassie, who seems to have been born in iniquity, drugged with crime, and predestined to hopeless depravity.* After having been deliberately initiated in stealing, and made to feel the pleasure of the chase in preying upon unguarded purses, and at last assisted in a robbery with violence, the still youthful girl is passed through all the varieties of English penitentiaries without any good effect, and is finally saved through the charm exerted over her impressible mind by a very patient, loving, and hopeful matron, who yet confesses to utter failure in every other case, and is here favored by the girl's graduation away from her old associates, and by her removal to America, in company with a Christian family deeply interested in her recovery. From many years' intercourse with criminals, from the simplicity of the details, from the nature exhibited in the disgust of this excitement-loving girl at the monotony of prison life, we have no doubt that Jane Cameron is a genuine history, and have no doubt that it shows the entire failure of the system as to the reformation of female offenders. Repeated confinements had done away all fear of the punishment from this habitual offender; under the silent system she found abundant opportunities to communicate with other prisoners; schemes of future crime were prepared within jail-walls; but for the spell cast upon her by the matron's unlawful sympathy, she would have probably died in crime just as she had been born and lived.

The narrative is painfully interesting and touchingly given; but the exceptional case it records can be of little benefit to the world: the writer was bound to have used the occasion to show where our penitentiary plans fail, — that it is mainly because there is not a second confinement following immediately upon the first, preparing gradually for larger liberty, initiating into some interesting employment, leaving the weak sister at last under such surroundings as insure victory to her growing yet feeble virtue.

THE papers which compose Gail Hamilton's new volume † were published originally in the "Congregationalist," and, from their number and length, it is safe to conclude that they were favorably received by the readers of that journal. They are didactic and hortatory, and

* *Memoirs of Jane Cameron, a Female Convict.* By a Prison Matron. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1864.

† *Stumbling-Blocks.* By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. pp. 435.

marked by good common-sense. But the subjects discussed, being old and well worn, nothing very new or striking can be developed from them, and the author, like the ministers she rebukes, "multiplies words." Gail Hamilton's fluency is a dangerous snare. Her facility of expression blinds her, in too many cases, to the commonplace character of the topic under discussion; and even when her thought is good, it is weakened by lengthened and needless amplification. She has, therefore, become a tiresome writer,—for style cannot long conceal barrenness or tenuity of thought. Here is an example of the profound remarks with which Gail Hamilton instructs her readers:—"I suppose we shall all be considerably surprised, when we get to heaven, at finding things there different from what we expected; but it seems to me that some will be a good deal more surprised than others." Platitudes like these, even when they are enforced by an authoritative tone and rhetorical flourish, cannot long escape detection. That they are received at all, is owing to the fact that half the world resemble the simple-minded father of Southey's "Doctor," to whom it never occurred that anything could be printed which was not worth printing. A book carried with it, to him, authority in its very aspect.

The orthodox pastors who, according to Gail Hamilton, use such expressions and phrases in the pulpit as "scamp," "turn up your nose," and who are ignorant of the correct pronunciation of words like "vital," "treasure," "testimony," &c., may be benefited by her strictures and exhortations; but we doubt if cultivated people in general, though they may cordially agree to much that she says, will find any peculiar enlightenment in these pages. "Error" is one of the best and most thoughtful of the papers, as it is also one of the shortest. "Church Sitzings" and "Amusements" are worthy of consideration. "A View from the Pews" is lively, and, in some respects, pertinent, though the leading point has been much more wittily and forcibly, while less coarsely, discussed by Sydney Smith. The book is issued in uniform style with others by the same author, and with the taste and solidity which characterize the publications of Ticknor and Fields.

THE peculiar fascination of Thoreau's writings * lies in his interpretations of Nature. A thorough student of all her forms, animate and inanimate, his senses were keenly alive to hear and heed her every revelation. He seldom idealized. Nature as he looked at her was too full of wonders to borrow any hues from man's imagination; so he simply told what he saw and heard, and this very simplicity makes the charm of his books. Had his human sympathies been as lively and active, he would be the most seductive of authors. Unfortunately, his heart-culture was one-sided. To him the note of the wood-bird was more musical, and the laugh of the loon more interesting, than the tones of the human voice. He sought to elevate himself by communion with Nature, by isolation from his fellows, unmindful or forgetful of

* *The Maine Woods*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. pp. 328.

higher responsibilities. A man may attain thus a selfish intellectuality, but not a true spiritual height. The problem of life is not, as in "Walden," how well a man may live alone, but how he may best live fulfilling all life's obligations. Seclusion with Nature may bring moments of rapture to the enthusiast which are precious, but not so precious as the sweeter consciousness of the benefactor. Nor can we shun the world without hurt to ourselves.

"A lonely creature of sinful nature,
It is an awful thing."

Solitude is salutary at intervals, but constant society is better for a man's soul in the end than constant solitude. Even Thoreau, if he were slow to acknowledge this truth, was not altogether unconscious of it. In his longer journeys in the woods, he always secured a companion, and the interest of this his last book is much enhanced by the narrative of his social experience. He not only describes Nature in the primeval wilderness, as he only can describe it, — talking of the pines as though, like himself, they were immortal, — indeed, he gravely asserts they are, — but watching and recording the peculiarities of his Indian guides, and the mode of operations of the loggers and the lumber-men. Hence, if "The Maine Woods" is not quite so thoughtful and suggestive as "Walden," or "A Week on the Merrimac," it is equally significant, and even more instructive.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Stories of the Patriarchs. By O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 232.

Thoughts on Personal Religion. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn. From the Fifth London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 398.

A Treatise on Homiletics, designed to illustrate the true Theory and Practice of Preaching the Gospel. By Daniel P. Kidder. New York: Carleton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 495.

Expository Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism. By George W. Bethune. Vol. I. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 491.

The Memorial Hour; or, The Lord's Supper, in its Relation to Doctrine and Life. By Jeremiah Chapter. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 283.

Light in Darkness; or, Christ discovered in his true Character by a Unitarian. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 123.

Visions in Verse; or, Dreams of Creation and Redemption. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 18mo. pp. 282.

The Hour which Cometh, and now Is; Sermons preached in Indiana Place Chapel. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 348.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

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